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THE LATE

WILLIAM HODGE, SEN.,

AND

MISCELLANIES.

BY

WILLIAM HODGE.

—— PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION. ——

1885.

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Wm Hodge

William Hodge

A MEMOIR

OF

The Late William Hodge, Sen.

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE MISCELLANIES.

By His Son,

WILLIAM HODGE.

WITH PORTRAIT.

BUFFALO:
BIGELOW BROTHERS, PRINTERS,
60, 62 AND 64 PEARL ST., COR. SENECA.
1885.

F129
.B8H65

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PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

This tribute to a father's memory, and the papers accompanying it, have value not only in themselves, but as examples. Such simple narratives and descriptions concerning by-gone days in Buffalo, ought to be far more numerous than they are.

On the subject of their publication, the venerable author said, in 1882, in a letter as to printing one of them, "It would need to pass through your or some other's hands, to put it into readable shape, as my 'college' education was obtained in log school-houses. The 'professors' were generally paid $12.00 to $20.00 per month and 'boarded 'round.' I am willing to do what little I can in obtaining facts which may help towards completing the local history of Buffalo, where I have resided more than seventy-six years."

The chief work which I have done as editor is that thus indicated, of "shaping" these papers for printing.

I have already done the same thing which is here undertaken, for several other papers prepared by the venerable author, viz: "The Cemeteries of Buffalo," "Captain David Wilkeson" and "The Pioneer Steamboats on Lake Erie." And it has fallen to my lot to do similar delicate and laborious work with numerous papers, from various hands, relating to the past of Buffalo; especially, when Corresponding Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society, in editing the two volumes of its publications, which have been printed, and in preparing the material for a third volume, which has not been printed.

The thing that impresses me most strongly as the result of this work, is, that though much has been done towards collecting materials for a history of Buffalo, that history has not yet been written, in any true sense of the word. I am not ignorant of, nor do I forget, Mr. Ketchum's "Buffalo and the

Senecas," nor the lately-produced portly agglomeration called a "History of Buffalo and Erie County." But I mean, that the materials for such a history have not yet been all collected; and especially that the collections already made and within reach have not been wrought into a history. They have not been subjected to that thorough, systematic, intelligent and appreciative examination, verification, comparison, selection and arrangement in symmetrical form and scholarly style, by the hand of a true lover of Buffalo, of which the facts making up the life of this great city are susceptible and deserving.

Yet every endeavor to catch and preserve in usable shape that information in particular, as to the early days of Buffalo, which is not originally documentary, is helping to prepare the way for the historian of Buffalo, when he shall appear.

Of course, much of what is thus collected will be in itself minute, and it may be, will appear trivial to many. But it is often by just such things (as "straws show which way the wind blows") that in matters of *testimony*, material conclusions are established; and in matters of *history*, important,—at any rate, truthful,—results, attained.

Of the more than sixty documents placed in my hands for the purpose of the present publication, largely in manuscript, I have sought to make a selection and arrangement which would include the substance of all of them, freed from material repetition,—and yet present them not as mere detached miscellanies, but as having a certain unity of relation to each other and to one central object. Accordingly, the paper concerning the life of the author's father is taken as the leading and chief one; while the others are given the relation of appendices to this. To avoid, however, some inconvenience attending the insertion of references to these, in the text of the leading paper, I have so prepared the Table of Contents as to note, in most cases, in connection with the title of each illustrative article, the point in the Memoir at which it may most suitably be read. The arrangement of the miscellanies is in a

general way chronological as to subjects, and thus serves the purpose of extending and illustrating the main narrative, as it proceeds, in due order of time.

In regard to some of these miscellanies, especially among the concluding ones, it should be said that they seemed to me calculated to be entertaining for children and young people; and likely to be useful in leading them to look with interest into the early forming days of this great city in which they live. Hence I have not re-cast them with reference to the taste of older readers. And yet it often happens that what is said, written and printed expressly for children has great interest also for the children of a larger growth.

In the course of final revision, a few items have been discovered which, for the sake of correction or explanation are here noted, viz:—

At page 23, line 32, for "Mr. Franklin," read, "Stephen Franklin." At page 34, next to the last line, after "Goodrich Mansion," read, "so called in later years, from the name of one long its owner and occupant, though it was built by Joseph Ellicott." At pages 35, line 19, and 44, line 11, for "Alvan L. Dodge," read, "Alvan Dodge." At page 36, line 30, for "near the bridge," read, "near the north end of the bridge;" and, line 31, after "west side," read, "of the road." At page 96, line 28, read, "This spring it is sixty-three,' &c.

Let it now be remembered that they who could tell us such things as are presented in these pages, or anything at all, "from their own knowledge," concerning Pioneer Life in Buffalo, are nearly all gone from among us. He whose reminiscences and records are here given to types is well nigh the last original witness of those early times, remaining with us; and passed his eightieth birthday nearly five months ago. Let then these his simple and graphic recollections be to us as if we sat with him for a last conversation ere he shall join his companions of "days auld, lang syne," where "Time shall be no more."

BUFFALO, May 1, 1885. ALBERT BIGELOW.

INTRODUCTION.

Many years ago, long before the existence of the Buffalo Historical Society, it occurred to me that there were many facts as to the early residents of Buffalo, their settlement, kinds and places of business, and varied experiences in pioneer life, which, if recorded, would be interesting and instructive. Had mine been the hand of a "ready writer," I would have penned many such pages in earlier years, from my own knowledge or first-hand information. But I did nothing of the kind, till about the year 1848, when I wrote twelve or fifteen sheets, the contents of which were largely drawn from our family record. I at that time upon a promise of my father, expected to obtain from him his own written account of many incidents of early days; but he was soon removed by death, and my hope was disappointed. Besides, I have to regret the loss of a diary which my father had kept of his journey westward to Buffalo from Richfield, Otsego county, with his family, in 1805. That record was burned in our house when Buffalo was destroyed in 1813.

Since I penned the sheets already mentioned, several persons have written interesting reminiscences of early Buffalo, which have appeared from time to time in the city papers.

At intervals, since 1869, I have also endeavored in that way to do something towards forwarding the good work thus begun. Some communications have gone before the Buffalo Historical Society; others into the city papers; two or three into pamphlet form; others still, no farther than my own secretary drawer. From these various papers I now have a selection made and printed, hoping that the sketches may be read with profit by the present generation, and prove not only interesting, but instructive also to those on whom the responsibilities of life are falling heaviest, to-day.

WILLIAM HODGE.

Hodge Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.,
May 1, 1885.

THE LATE WILLIAM HODGE, SEN.

By his Son, William Hodge.

I write briefly of Mr. Hodge's ancestry,—believing it best to tell of that which one knows, rather than of that concerning which he is not fully informed, even though this results in saying little.

From a pamphlet in which there was a paper that had been read before a Historical Club, containing a Historical and Statistical Account of the old town of Glastonbury, Connecticut (from which the Hodge family emigrated westward), I find that in 1713, in dividing six thousand acres of land among the inhabitants of the town, the name of Samuel Hodge appears with those of seventy-two others. In a list of landowners dated April 2, 1757, is included the name of John Hodge.

By a vote of the town in 1767, liberty was given to "David Hodge to build a saw-mill on the deep gutter on Ephraim Goodrich's land."

In 1769 liberty was given to "John Hodge to build a grist-mill on his own land on Roaring Brook."

And again in 1776, among the names of a committee of nine, to "inspect each able-bodied man in the town, and see whether each man is equipped with a good gun, etc," is found that of Benjamin Hodge.

In the catalogue of those who were in the war of the Revolution, in 1777, appear the names of Benjamin Hodge Ben-

jamin Hodge, Jr., Elijah Hodge, John Hodge and John Hodge, Jr.

These notices it will be seen bring the Hodge family to view as, at the least, engaged in the good and useful work, in peaceful times, of building mills, and, in the Revolutionary War, of fighting for the liberty and independence of the land.

Aside from the foregoing, tradition says that one of our ancestors was a native of Wales and emigrated thence to this country, and that the mother of the subject of this paper was a descendant of Lord Churchill.

William Hodge, senior, was born in Glastonbury, Conn., July 2, 1781. His father, Benjamin Hodge (who was also a native of Glastonbury) removed from that place into the State of New York, and settled in the town of Richfield, Otsego County, in 1794,—William being then less than thirteen years of age. The lad was not brought up to any particular line of business, and his early experience in this respect was confined to farming, and teaching a village school. For the latter employment he had a competent preparation. While the family home was at Glastonbury, he had there enjoyed the benefits of a good common-school education; and when he came to live at Richfield he availed himself of such opportunities for gaining instruction as that new settlement then afforded. He so well improved the advantages enjoyed, that he was employed for some time as a teacher in Richfield.

Dr. Joseph White, a cousin of William Hodge, was an eminent practicing physician and surgeon in Cherry Valley, in the same county. He wished the lad to come and study with him for the profession of Medicine. But Mrs. Hodge objected, and the Doctor could not prevail upon his aunt to yield against her idea, perhaps a mistaken one, of motherly kindness, and to allow the boy to go. Her objection was, that should he become a physician, his station in life would be above that of his brothers, and she did not want to manifest any partiality by allowing him to do what would bring about such a result.

So, having without the assistance of wealthy parents or friends commenced for himself the business of life, in the way which has been mentioned, he was married in the town of Exeter, Otsego County, N. Y., March 25, 1802, to Sally Abbott, a daughter of Mr. Daniel Abbott of that place. They lived there about three years,—his occupation being still that of teaching the district school in the winter, and farming in the summer.

Being poor,—and his only capital consisting of his education and experience, his industrious habits and willing hands,—he made up his mind to move out to this then wild, western frontier, Buffalo being the point he chose at which to make his stand; having confidence that he could succeed if others could, in a newly settled country. He had heard of the "Holland Purchase," but he knew nothing about the quality of the land, or the character of the region. He only knew that the land could be bought at a low figure and on credit, and this suited his case.

Buffalo was at this time considered the extreme western limit of civilization, its "jumping-off place"; and in resolving as he did in such circumstances as his, to set forth on a journey of removal hither, he displayed the true spirit of a pioneer; he was indeed a thorough type of that necessary class of enterprising men.

It was in the latter part of May, 1805, that he bade adieu to relatives and friends in Exeter, and started on the westward journey. His little family consisted at this time of his wife, then only eighteen years old, and their two children, the youngest (the writer of this paper) five months old; Mr. Hodge himself being only twenty-four years of age.

They traveled by wagon to Utica. Here they embarked in an open row- (or flat-) boat, with the families of Mr. R. Judd and Mr. Lyman Jackson; the company consisting of about twenty persons in all.

Their route was up the Mohawk river, into Wood creek,

and through Oneida lake; then down the Oswego river (the travelers going around its rapids, while boatmen carried the boat over them), and so on, to Lake Ontario, and up that lake and the lower part of the Niagara river, to Lewiston. There the boat was taken out of the river, carried around Niagara Falls in a wagon drawn by an ox-team, and put into the river again, at Schlosser, where they all re-embarked. Thence, by rowing, poling and towing, the boat was propelled through the upper Niagara river to Buffalo creek, and so to the village. The arrival took place on the 16th day of June, 1805, after twenty days of laboring at the oar, and traveling around the portage.

Disembarking with his family, Mr. Hodge put up at Zenas Barker's tavern. This was a double log house, situated on the bluff which was afterwards leveled down into "The Terrace," and about one or two hundred feet west of Main street,—the house facing south. The day following, Mr. Hodge engaged Major Perry (who owned and occupied the farm which has been so long known as the Granger property, on Conjockety's creek, at the crossing of Main street) to come in with his oxen and cart and carry his effects out to his, Major Perry's, place. He immediately occupied the log house, at the Perry Saw-mill (since then long known as the Granger Saw-mill). In this house he lived until the fall, when he moved into another log house, on lot No. 35, at what is now the north-east corner of Main and Utica streets, and remained there until June, 1806, when he moved into still another log house, at the Cold Spring, where the Tavern now stands.

Mr. Hodge had, as yet, made no purchase of land. Indeed, as has been said, he had come, with his very young family, depending on the labor of his own and his wife's hands (since they had little or no property) for support, to be a pioneer literally in the wilderness, for that this region then was. Surely nothing but the hope and anticipation of better and easier times somewhere in the future could buoy up the

spirit of a man, and induce him to labor and plan for, and to endure the hardships of, a pioneer life. It was truly thus with Mr. Hodge, in the first years of his residence here. And it was only by severe toil that he was able even to support his family, to say nothing of buying land. But he was naturally ingenious, and by turning his hand to anything he could find to do, he managed to keep along. Having decided to venture upon obtaining some land, and not seeing any prospect that Buffalo was to become much of a place, he concluded that it would be better for him to go into the country, and establish himself there. He went accordingly to the town of Eden, in this county, and took up a farm at a place subsequently called "Tubbs' Hollow" (now Eden Valley). Procuring tools necessary for building a house,—of which an axe, a hand-saw, a hammer and an auger were the greater part,—he went to work, and put up a log house on this farm.

After getting the house so nearly finished that it could be occupied, he returned to his family at Buffalo, intending to remove them to the Eden farm and make it his future home. But his father, Benjamin Hodge, senior, had moved to Buffalo that summer (1806), and he had purchased the "article" of farm-lot No. 35 originally "taken up" by Thomas Forth. The father and son made an exchange of "articles," Benjamin Hodge taking the Eden farm and William Hodge the Buffalo farm-lot 35, and the latter then moved his family back from the Cold Spring place to the log house upon this. There they resided something more than six years,—that is, until the last of December, 1812.

In 1806, then, Mr. Hodge had become established as a permanent resident of Buffalo, preparing himself a home on a fifty-acre lot, of which barely a garden spot had been cleared and brought under cultivation. But Mr. Hodge was really more mechanic than farmer. With his own hands he made common pine, black-walnut and whitewood tables and bedsteads, such as were wanted in a newly-settled country. He also made

window-sash; and these articles he exchanged with farmers and others for produce and whatever else he needed for the use of his family. He also made coffins; but only furnished these to order. During the first two years of his residence here he threshed grain with the flail, for every tenth bushel; cut and split rails at fifty cents per hundred; and took, by the job, for enclosing and finishing-off, after the frames were put up, the now so old-fashioned farmers' barns.

At that time, in this new-settled country, there were but few public houses or "taverns"; and there were none between the Village of Buffalo, and what was called the old Gen. Hopkins place, about two miles west of the Eleven-mile creek, now known as Williamsville. Mr. Hodge had many applications from travelers, for entertainment, and did entertain many; and finally, in 1807, building an addition to his log house, and a stable and shed, he raised a signboard, showing to those journeying by, that they could find accommodations with him.

He filled up the time that was not required for attending to the wants of his guests, in manufacturing tables, bedsteads, sash, in fact whatever was called for in that line of work.

Mr. Hodge was, it is thus seen, a practical and industrious man, ready to undertake whatever necessity and occasion required. When an addition to his house was wanted, he took his oxen, went to the woods, and cut and hauled up logs. Then, with the help of Mr. Oziel Smith, of Williamsville, as carpenter, he prepared the timber, and put up the building. When there was a portion of his farm to be enclosed, he cut and split the oak and chestnut rails, and made his fences. When he wanted a well, he took the oxen and cart, and gathering stone from the commons and hauling them to the selected spot, he then, with help, dug his well and stoned it up. There is a well now in use on the farm-lot which he first bought, and on which he lived in 1806, which was dug to the depth of thirteen feet, and stoned up by himself and his brother in two days. In those early times the water was

drawn by means of a "sweep" or long pole, supported in the middle by an upright post (having in its top a "crotch"), weighted at one end to balance the smaller "well-pole" attached to the other end, and playing up and down in the well to hoist the "bucket." These also were uniformly of "home manufacture."

Within one or two years from starting in life here, Mr. Hodge owned a yoke of oxen, a cow and a few swarms of bees. Mrs. Hodge had, also, her flock of geese, in which she took great delight. From their feathers she made several feather beds, which in those times were considered indispensable. Mattresses of hair and other materials were not then even thought of in this western country.

At this period, in 1807, Mr. Hodge commenced manufacturing fanning-mills, working at the business with his own hands for some time. The cast-iron running-gear and wire screens for these mills he was at first obliged to procure from the east. But this was attended with much delay and expense; and sometimes, when he received the screens they would not be of the right size, or the kind he wanted. So he finally concluded to try and manufacture his own screens, having in the mean time employed help in making the mills. Determined to succeed in this undertaking, he traveled on foot about two hundred miles, to a place near Utica, for the purpose of learning the art of screen-making from a man there engaged in the business. Making with this man a bargain that for ten dollars he should furnish him all the information he needed on the subject, he examined the loom, "reeds," "harness," etc., took the dimensions of all, and walked back to Buffalo. He went to work immediately and built a loom. He also made the necessary reeds and harness, which was the most difficult part of the work. It was especially troublesome to construct those which were needed for making the finest screens. After getting some wire flattened by running it between iron rollers, which he was enabled to do through the courtesy of Abraham

Larzalere, the jeweler in the village, and with the help of his near neighbor Staley, who was a weaver of cloth, he finally succeeded to his satisfaction. From this time forward, besides making the screens for the fanning-mills, he manufactured and sold many thousands of wire "riddles" for grain, and fine sieves for Indian meal. He also furnished many rolling screens for grist-mills in different parts of this country and in Canada.

This manufacture of screens Mr. Hodge continued with success and profit for twenty-five years. He succeeded so well that with the assistance and co-operation of Whipple Hawkins, (father of the late Henry H. Hawkins of Silver Creek) then residing near us on the north-east corner of the present Main and Utica streets, a blacksmith by trade, whose shop was near at hand, he attempted the manufacture of the castings and gearings for his mills, by using the common forge with one bellows, and charcoal for melting the iron. He succeeded in making very perfect castings, but did not long continue this branch of business. I believe I am quite safe in saying that this was the first cast-iron furnace started in Buffalo. Something of a contrast appears between this and Buffalo's great furnaces of the present day.

I should say here, that Mr. Whipple Hawkins, who thus assisted in promoting the success of the pioneer foundry of Buffalo, in after years extemporized the forging of the wrought-iron work and fixtures for the old cast-iron mortar which did such valuable service in driving piles for forming Buffalo harbor, under the superintendence of the late Judge Samuel Wilkeson.

After Mr. Hodge had become permanently settled in Buffalo, he tried to buy the sixty-acre lot No. 57, which was on the hill, at the south-west corner of our Main and Utica streets. Mr. Joseph Husten, the owner of the "article" from the Holland Land Company, at first refused to sell it, as he had a nursery of apple trees growing from seed which he had planted on the lot, and intended to make the place his own home.

The purchase was however finally made,—about the year 1809 or 1810. The price paid was $250.00 for the "article," and whatever was still due at the Holland Land Company's office, perhaps $300.00 or $400.00 more. Ten acres of the west end of the lot were, however, to be deeded to Michael Hunt, the first owner of the "article." Six dollars per acre was then the price of land in that neighborhood.

The "nursery" before mentioned was the first planted on this western frontier. The nursery business was from this beginning prosecuted by Mr. Hodge until 1834, when he sold out to Mr. Abner Bryant, who owned and occupied the adjoining farm-lot No. 56. The great part of the apple orchards in this part of Western New York originated from Mr. Hodge's nursery.

Persevering in his business, he prospered and determined to make this lot No. 57, his future home. I have often heard him say that he made money very fast at this period, in the log house, at the tavern business. The five-pail kettle was kept over the fire much of the time, cooking meat. In 1812, after the war began, the soldiers thronged the place, desiring, besides liquors, what they called "cold hack" or a "cold cut." The price of cold meals was 25 cents; of whiskey, 12½ cents a gill; of horse-keeping, on hay, $1.00 a span per day; of oats from $1.00 to $2.00 per bushel. All during the war, and for some time afterwards, hay and grain sold for high prices, hay being sometimes worth $30.00 per ton.

Business in the tavern line being thus prosperous, my father had, in 1811, decided to put up, on his lot No. 57, a brick building, large and commodious, and suitable for a public house. He accordingly commenced the undertaking in that year. The brick were manufactured by Nathan Toles on Mr. Hodge's lot No. 35. The lumber was mostly procured "on shares," at Erastus Granger's saw-mill; Mr. Hodge attending the mill in the night-time, sawing the lumber, and having one-fourth of what he could thus produce,

for himself. It was only in the night that he could have opportunity for this. Building of brick was a rare undertaking then in this wilderness; indeed it is admitted that this was the first brick house built in Buffalo. Some of the neighbors thought that Mr. Hodge was very presumptuous, in planning with his limited means to erect such a building as this, for it was 30 by 40 feet on the ground, two stories high with an attic; the kitchen-part being one story and a half in height. And then, in June, 1812, the "Last War" with England commenced, and the house was not yet finished. Part of our army, composed mostly of Pennsylvania troops, were in the fall encamped on the hills in front of the log house, that is, on lots Nos. 58 and 59, owned by Christjohn Staley and William De Shay. But although he knew and took into account the risk there was in building so near the frontier, Mr. Hodge persevered and completed his new house amid the tumults and excitements of the time. He also built for it a large framed barn, and moved his horse-shed from the other lot, to a spot near by. The venture was a success, and in the latter part of December, 1812, Mr. Hodge entered and occupied the premises which became and long continued well known far and near, as "The Brick Tavern on the hill."

In 1813, "times were lively;" the tavern business continued good, and Mr. Hodge was busily occupied in manufacturing mills. In the winter of 1812–1813, he furnished many pine coffins, nearly three hundred in all, for soldiers who died while encamped on "Flint Hill," north of Conjockety's creek.

At this time Mr. Job Hoisington worked for Mr. Hodge, making mills and coffins, and occupying the log house from which the latter had removed to the "Brick Tavern."

While the war continued the "Brick Tavern" was quite a central place; for a company of horsemen belonging to our army was stationed there, and a "twenty-four-pounder" was placed on the hill in front, which was discharged regularly, about break of day, as the signal gun.

But the war came nearer than the stationing of troops and firing of signals. On the morning of December 30, 1813, the British crossed Niagara river below Conjockety's creek, and were first discovered by a patrol of this company of horsemen. They brought the information to Mr. Hodge, about three o'clock in the morning, and it was an entire surprise to him, for he had supposed that our army, which was stationed down in the village, would drive the enemy back, and had made no provision for removing his family out of reach of danger, if our troops were defeated. But all in the house were aroused, on the arrival of the news of the enemy's crossing. The engagement between the British and Americans took place at about day-break, and our army scattered and fled. The fields and highways were soon filled with these fugitives, running to save their lives, and with the inhabitants following after, men, women and children, a few in wagons, but the most of them on foot.

Mr. Hodge now began to realize the necessity of moving his family away. So he directed his hired man to yoke up the oxen, the only team he then had, hitch them to the cart, and drive up to the door; but instead of doing this, the coward ran off with the rest of the frightened multitude.

After the greater part of the people had fled, Mr. Hodge succeeded in engaging an army baggage-wagon, which was driven to the door. Some bedding and clothing were hurried in. The family, consisting of Mrs. Hodge, her sister Mrs. Howes, and the five children, Sally, William, Sophia, Philander and Julia A. (the youngest, and but two months old), were placed in the wagon on the bedding and clothing, and carried out about twelve miles to "Harris Hill Tavern," three miles east of Williamsville.

The day was cold, though not extremely so. The ground was frozen, with a light covering of snow. After the family had gone, Mr. Hodge, entirely alone and anxious to save something more, yoked the oxen, hitched them to the cart,

brought it up to the door, flung in some more bedding, a baking of bread, which he came across in the large wooden bread-tray, and a few other articles, and drove off. As he thus left his own home, he looked towards the village, and saw the smoke of its burning houses rising high in the air, and expected nothing but that he would be obliged after all to leave his team and run for his life; for the "British Indians" had been seen at the edge of the woods, some sixty rods west of the house, before he left. But it so happened that he was not molested in his flight. He drove out to the Harris Hill Tavern, and had the joy of finding his family all safe.

The next day he took his ox-team and returned to his house, and found things there pretty much as he had left them. He further understood that the enemy had gone back, across the river. So he went again out to Harris Hill, without removing anything more from the house, and intending to take his family back within a few days.

But the day following, that is, January 1, 1814, as he was again returning to his deserted home, and had arrived within about a mile and a half, and in sight of it (on Flint Hill, between Col. William W. Chapin's and Conjockety's creek), he discovered that the enemy were there, and that the house was on fire. He at once stopped in the road with his team, until a company of our horsemen came in sight, who overtook and passed him, near Conjockety's creek. When he came within eighty rods of the house, he found one of his neighbors, Richard Keep, a blacksmith, lying dead by the side of the road, having been shot by the enemy. He helped to carry the body into a house, picked up Mr. Keep's rifle and went up the hill into his own burning house. He was quite alone, and could save next to nothing from the building, as the roof was already falling in. The outside cellar-doors and part of the wooden water-conductor he wrenched off and saved. Then, with rifle in hand, he crossed the road to his barn, hoping to meet some of the enemy. He felt that he must take vengeance on the

despoilers, or that his life might as well go with his property. But he neither obtained vengeance nor lost his life, and at evening he again went out to Harris Hill and remained there till the following Thursday. Then he brought his family back with the few household goods he had saved, just one week after their flight, only to find their home and property destroyed; they being the first who returned after the burning.

With his usual energy, he went to work and built an addition to a small framed shop-house on the premises, which the enemy had not destroyed, and into which he had moved. This was the second frame erected after the burning. The first was put up by Ralph Pomeroy, who had been a tavern-keeper near the north-east corner of Main and Seneca streets.

Mr. Hodge continued to keep a public house, but it was a winter of constant fear and frequent alarms. The whole frontier was throughout the season left almost entirely unprotected, and nearly every night it would be reported that the enemy had again come over the river. Twice, during that winter and the spring following, the family packed up, and moved away for safety. The enemy in fact twice crossed the border, but were driven back by the small guard of soldiers stationed at this point, with the assistance of some of the few inhabitants who had returned.

The families which were here, though so few in number, could procure no provisions except from the commissary of the army; and at that time little except salt provisions were furnished. But the soldiers would have fresh meat, even if it was poor, and they stole the only cow that Mr. Hodge possessed, and killed her for beef,—indeed they stole every thing else that they could find, capable of being eaten.

Mr. Hodge's family was one of six which had moved back and remained in the town through the winter of the burning, sharing the fears, the excitements and casualties of the war, by day and night.

And now we see him, in his old home again, his property

mainly gone, but not so his energy. He persevered in the face of the difficulties and dangers of the situation; and with the courage of a true and experienced pioneer, he commenced rebuilding his brick house within the sound of the booming of cannon and rattle of musketry, which could be heard nearly every day. His life at this time was, indeed, not only that of a pioneer, but also that of a frontiersman just upon the lines of the two contending armies. And about this time, he was drafted into the army. But he procured a substitute, who was accepted. He paid him thirty dollars as bounty, and agreed to pay, in addition, ten dollars monthly, but was never called upon for the monthly payments. It was supposed that this substitute deserted.

After this extremely trying winter of 1813–1814, spring opened with more hope for the little remnant of families which were here. Troops were sent on, to protect this frontier. Many of the inhabitants returned to the burnt village and began to rebuild their houses, etc., though these were of the most primitive and cheap do-for-the-present kind.

In December, 1814, Mr. Hodge occupied his rebuilt brick house, and went on there with his business as keeper of a tavern. He also continued his nursery, and did a considerable amount of farming, using most of his produce, however, in carrying on the tavern.

In the early part of the year 1815, the war closed, with the declaration of peace, and there was good reason for the inhabitants here to expect better times. Mr. Hodge increased his fanning-mill business, and the manufacture of rolling screens, wire sieves and riddles. He also, for about two years, kept a store of goods in the brick tavern house. Such a store, in those times, contained a miscellaneous stock of dry-goods, crockery, hardware, liquors, tea, coffee, sugars, etc.

But within a year or two after the war, business began to decline. Many became financially embarrassed, Mr. Hodge among the number. He struggled along for several years, and

selling out the goods he had on hand, continued his other business on a reduced scale. But his embarrassment became such, that as a last, and indeed only resort, he called on a friend living in the interior of the state to help him, which he did, and thus prevented the loss of all the property he possessed. His friend (Dr. Joseph White of Cherry Valley, a cousin of his, mentioned already), came to Buffalo, paid the debt Mr. Hodge was owing, and took into his possession all the real estate he held, consisting of about one hundred and fifty acres of land, in the immediate neighborhood, being farm lots Numbers 57, 33 and 35. Dr. White held the title of these pieces of land about eleven years, the assignment to him having been made, as I find upon a memorandum, November 6, 1819. Yet business was so very dull, and money was so scarce, that Mr. Hodge was at times unable to pay even the interest as it fell due.

In the spring of 1825, he commenced the manufacture of bricks, in company with Mr. Uriah Sill. They made a very good summer business of this.

In the fall, the Erie Canal having been just completed, Governor De Witt Clinton and *suite* came to Buffalo to celebrate the occasion by a formal opening. The plan for this was to take boat here, make the complete trip on the canal from Buffalo to Albany and down the river to New York, carrying with them water from Lake Erie, and there mingle the waters of the lake with those of the ocean. Some of the citizens of Buffalo joined the Governor's company on this auspicious occasion; and Mr. Hodge and his wife were among the number. Before returning, Mr. Hodge visited the nurseries on Long Island, and made a purchase of trees for his Buffalo nursery, from Mr. Bloodgood.

He continued the manufacture of bricks with tolerable success. This enabled him to make yearly payments on the debt he was owing to Dr. White, and in December, 1831, he went to Cherry Valley and settled with him in full,—paying him

the whole amount due with interest, and taking his property again into his own hands. The transfer bears date December 29, 1831.

Having during all these years been, as is thus seen, enterprising and active, Mr. Hodge had in fact transacted a large amount of business, having dealings with many individuals. Withal, he was ever ready to give credit to those in straitened circumstances, and to sell them property they needed, but he never oppressed them by enforcing collection of what was due him. Thus he lost thousands of dollars, through being lenient with his debtors, when men of selfish, grasping disposition would have demanded payment to the full. The then legal process of imprisonment for debt was one to which he would not resort.

In 1830, after "keeping tavern" about twenty-three years, Mr. Hodge gave up that part of his business operations. He increased that of brick-making, however, with fair success, until about the year 1840. In one season he had manufactured as many as three millions.

At this time, he was free from debt, and had a few thousand dollars in cash; and when the Free Banking Law of the State of New York was passed, he was induced to go into the banking business with Judge Pierre A. Barker, and his own son, Philander Hodge. His chief object in doing this, was that he might raise money with which to put up a block of brick buildings on the north-west corner of Main and Chippewa streets. He said that he was considerably advanced in life, and wanted to get that block built, for the benefit of his family.

In going into this banking business, Mr. Hodge was to furnish the mortgage securities, with his son, Philander, and Pierre A. Barker was to procure stocks to an equal amount, as required by the Free Banking Law. The result was, that Mr. Hodge furnished the greater part of the mortgage securities, and became holden for the purchase money for all the stocks.

Subsequently, he was obliged to pay the whole, and thereby became involved, to a large amount.

In the meantime, he had erected the "Chippewa" block of brick buildings, as he had been anxious to do. In accomplishing this he had used all his own available means, but had drawn only about twelve thousand dollars from the bank, while his partners had used nearly thirty thousand, without furnishing a proportionate amount of securities,—Mr. Barker having done very little in this direction.

Meanwhile Mr. Hodge had executed a mortgage and deposited it with the Bank Department, as security on the property occupied by the block of buildings. All of this he lost in the closing up of the Bank business, and a heavy debt remained upon him.

In these transactions Mr. Hodge lost about eighty thousand dollars; and was not free from the embarrassment thus caused, for a number of years.

But, after much trouble and perplexity, by reason of a suit-at-law concerning these affairs, which continued several years, the matter was finally, in the spring of 1847, settled by a compromise with the party contestant.

From this time forward, Mr. Hodge was, as he had ever been, active in business, and more cheerful and buoyant in mind than in these trying days. He felt sure of being able to pay his debts out of his property, and yet of having enough left to place himself and his family in a comfortable condition. And in this anticipation he passed the remainder of his life.

To the end he retained the esteem of his acquaintances. In most of the forty-three years of his residence in Buffalo, he held some office of importance in the town, such as Commissioner, Assessor and Magistrate. Yet he was not an ambitious man, seeking popularity or place. He was, nevertheless, truly public-spirited, being one of the foremost to engage in enterprises for the good of the ocmmunity, even, many times, going beyond what his means would warrant. With willing hands

and energetic mind carrying on, as has been described, many kinds of business, he gave employment to many persons. By his own exertions, and through the hard labor, industrious habits, and good character of his family of ten children, amid toil and privations, and some most severe struggles, as well as in prosperous times, he did his part towards building up this great city of now two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

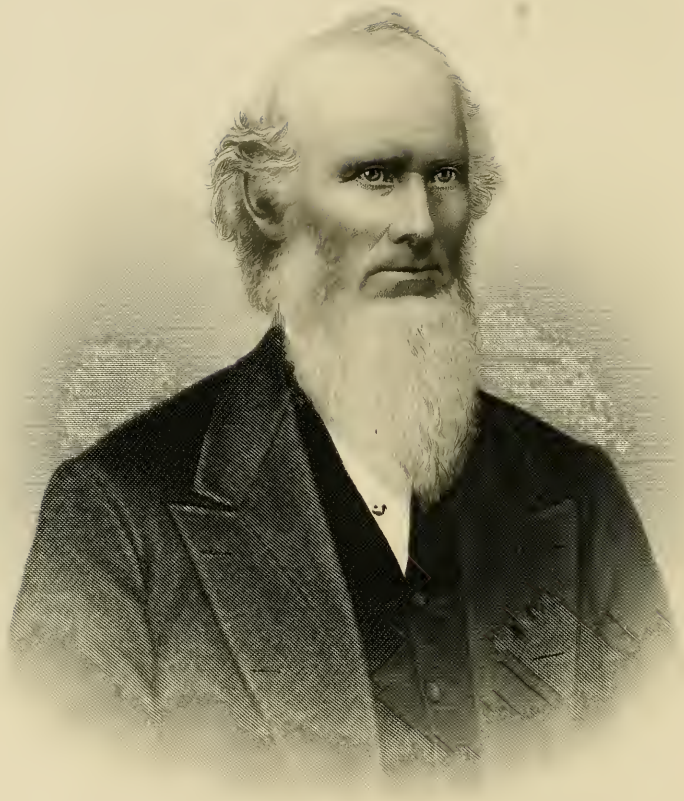
Mr. Hodge was confiding in his disposition, and ready to trust in men when dealing with them; but when he found them unworthy of confidence, he avoided them. He noiselessly pursued the "even tenor of his way." He was quiet and uniform in temper, and domestic in his habits, ever disposed to promote peace and good order, urbane, kind and courteous in manners, and honorable in his dealings. Seeking to do to others as he would have them do to him, he was respected as a neighbor, useful as a citizen, and dearly beloved as a husband, a father and a friend.

And, in later years, through the severe and trying dispensations of Providence,—reverses that deprived him of the large property he had accumulated, and bereavements that weighed upon him most heavily, — he was led by the guidance of the Divine Spirit, to seek after a better than all earthly treasure, and to receive the gospel of salvation, as his only hope and trust. Accordingly, on the first day of January, 1843, he was admitted into the communion of the First Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, on public profession of his faith in Christ. More and more, by those repeated admonitions, especially by the death of a beloved daughter, his mind was directed toward the better, brighter world, and when at length the final summons came, he was not unprepared, but calmly acquiesced in the will of God.

On the Sabbath morning previous to his death, he was in his accustomed place among the worshipers in the sanctuar to all appearance in usual health. But before another sun had risen, he was seized with an attack of sickness which proved

fatal, and in the short space of twenty hours, he was removed from his earthly activities, joys and sorrows, by death,—the date being, Monday, September 18, 1848.

His funeral was attended at his late residence, on the Wednesday following, by a large concourse of friends, who deeply sympathized with the sorrowing family, and warmly acknowledged that in the death of WILLIAM HODGE the community had sustained no common loss. These friends also followed his remains to their quiet resting-place in the High Street Cemetery, whence in later years they were transferred to Forest Lawn. It was fitting indeed that they should first be buried and should remain for years, within a cemetery which was shaded by perhaps two hundred trees of his own planting, and whose very soil had been the property of one of his children; and within the bounds of two burial lots which were made his own in return for his services in thus beautifying the Cemetery.



Yours truly
Wm Hodge

ILLUSTRATIVE MISCELLANIES.

A.—THE COLD SPRING.

[See page 4, line 28.]

It seems to me a great pity, a public loss, that "THE COLD SPRING" (about two and three-quarters miles from Buffalo Creek, on the Williamsville road or Main street, where it takes a northeastward course), a noted spot ever since the first settling of this frontier town, and prominent in the War of 1812–15, should have been destroyed in the laying of the Bird Avenue sewer. On this account, and because this spring, and the tavern-stand beside it, will be so often referred to in these papers, I here give some account of the spring itself, and of those who have occupied the position of "mine host" in its far-famed hostelry. But I will first say something about some of the other springs of water in this vicinity, the traces of nearly all of which have disappeared. Mention will also be found of some of them in another paper upon roads and early traveling.

Tradition says that Indians, in going from their reservation near Buffalo, to Tonawanda, would first come to the spring on, I think, lot No. 31 (which lay north of our Best street and 30 or 40 rods from Jefferson street). In the first settling of this town this spring was pretty well known, as being a place where cattle sometimes got "mired," and could not get out without help. So when the settlers' cows were not found, or did not come home in the course of the night, the first place where they were looked for in the morning was that miry spring. In early days I have been there a great many times, and drank of its water. I have also found pieces of pottery, made of clay, around it.

From this spring the Indians would come to the "Cold Spring," to the spring on the Staley lot 58, or to the Jubilee spring, on lot 62, and thence to the springs along Conjockety's Creek. One of the latter springs was on the south side of the creek, near the old fording-place; one was reached immediately after crossing, northward; a third was about fifty rods farther on, upon the east side of "John's Meadow" (now covered by the beautiful lake in the Park), and perhaps thirty rods north of the creek, and still another near the north side of this meadow, and near the line between the Granger and Chapin farms.

In the last two named, we used to push down poles ten or more feet in length. The last mentioned spring was on the flat, and not near the bank of the creek, and where the water ran out and all around it, the ground was higher than it was at a distance of ten feet or so away. The material of this rim seemed to be what is called bog-iron-ore.

It was a considerate and wise act of Joseph Ellicott as agent and surveyor for the Holland Land Company, to lay out and establish the road connecting The East and The West through Buffalo so as to take the large and noble "Cold Spring" in its course, for the public benefit. I remember it well when it was in its primitive state. It was surrounded by bluff banks, excepting on the north-east side, where the pure cool stream flowed forth. It was then about as large as the basin which was afterwards walled up to accumulate and hold the water.

Up to about 1816 or 1818 there were three pretty large trees, of fifteen or twenty inches diameter, growing around the spring and next to its edge, at the bottom of the surrounding bluff. The largest of these was a yellow birch, which grew on the southeast side,—the side towards the tavern-house; one of the other trees was, I think, a soft maple, standing on the east side, or a little south of east; and the third was an oak, on the west side, and nearest to the main road. These trees all leaned their tops inward over the spring. Originally the banks were somewhat sloping, and steps were cut into the steepest part,

on the south side, by which to go down to a plank which extended several feet over the bubbling and boiling water. Lying stretched out on this plank, face downward, many a one has here slaked his thirst in the days gone by, and from that plank many a pail and jug has been filled with the pure cool beverage. This spring never froze, and the water was of about the same temperature summer and winter.

The banks of the spring were eventually lowered, and a wall was built, with steps at one side, by which to reach the never-failing water collected there.

The stream which ran from the spring was formerly full of little fish, such as chubs, shiners, small rock bass, and other sorts.

But no account of the spring would be complete without a notice of the COLD SPRING TAVERN. Though the spring has disappeared, there is a tavern-stand close by its soon-to-be-forgotten site, and on the same spot there has been one since 1808, and I will give some account of those who have kept it from the commencement.

A Mr. RUSSELL was the first of these, and probably remained but a year or two. Next came for a short time, the firm of SAUNDERS & COOLEDGE, and then HOWES & PERSONS (Ebenezer Howes and Lyman Persons). They were keeping the house in the spring of 1811, but Mr. Howes left it in the fall of that year, Mr. Persons continuing till 1812, when Major FREDERICK MILLER came in and kept it through the war. He had before that managed the ferry and tavern at Black Rock. About 1817 he made an exchange of property with Mr. FRANKLIN, taking his tavern-stand in the village of Williamsville and occupying and managing it for some time. He subsequently removed to a farm near by, which he cultivated till he died, January 26, 1830, at the age of 70 years. Mr. Franklin was a very worthy Christian man, and kept the tavern for some time. He was succeeded by a Mr. LYMAN, who kept it for about a year. Then came CHARLES AVERILL for a season or

so, giving place to a Mr. Walbridge, an excellent man, who in a year was followed by Beach & Higgins. Mr. Beach was quite an expert with the rifle, when rifles were not abundant. He also kept a blood-hound. David Hennion succeeded Beach & Higgins about 1822. He was from New York City, a descendent of some of its Dutch settlers. Mr. Hennion was quite an enterprising man for those early times. Besides keeping the Cold Spring tavern, he carried on blacksmithing, on the opposite side of the road. In the fall and early winter he collected a wagon-load of dressed poultry and took it to New York City. He also had in his employ a man who was quite expert in catching wild pigeons in a net. These he carried to New York and sold. Mr. Hennion also procured two large full-grown elks to take to New York as a "speculation." He kept the tavern from about 1822 to 1826, when Rudolph Barr, Washington Russell and a Mr. Lapp moved in, with their families. They came from Pennsylvania, Mr. Russell being Mr. Barr's son-in-law. He kept the tavern. The other two erected a brewery quite near the spring (Jacob Scott being the carpenter). As soon as the building was ready they began to make what they called "strong" beer,—the name "lager" was not then used here,—the first strong beer made in Buffalo. This was better and more pure than the beer now made here, and was not stupefying as most of this is. I do not think Barr and Lapp *drugged* or *salted* their beer.

Mr. Russell kept the Cold Spring tavern about a year; when he gave it over to Mr. Barr. At about the same time Mr. Lapp dissolved partnership with Mr. Barr, who continued the tavern and brewing business till 1834, when Mr. Crisp came into the tavern. But he kept it only a short time when he became sick and died.

Mr. Barr had built a dwelling-house near the tavern-stand, and moved into it with his family, residing there until his death, December 20, 1836.

After the death of Mr. Crisp, the tavern was continued by GEORGE MOSIER. He also sickened and died in a short time, when EBENEZER HOPKINS came in for a while, and after him JOSEPH SHAW, who was succeeded by WOLCOTT VEDDER, and he by the two brothers, AUGUSTUS and CHARLES BARR. This was in 1839. Their father, RUDOLPH BARR, soon after he came here bought of William T. Miller the farm-lots 36 and 37, which contained the Cold Spring tavern. These two brothers kept the tavern, together, until 1844, when Augustus withdrew and Charles continued until 1849.

Who that has ever traveled the old Batavia Road since the year 1808, has not a recollection of "The Cold Spring Tavern"? In the War of 1812–15, this was quite a central point on this frontier, and many of the officers of our army made it their stopping place.

A duel with pistols, between two of our army officers, was fought there during that time. Its scene was the foot of the Cold Spring farm-lot (No. 36), at the little "run" near the corner of Ferry and Jefferson streets. The officers' names, I am sorry to say, I do not recollect. I remember, however, that one of them was a surgeon. The surgeon, an expert duelist and a bully, saw fit to challenge the other, though he was an inexperienced officer,—inexperienced, at least, in the use of pistols,—for the purpose and with the intention of getting him out of the way. The challenge was of course accepted, as in those warring times no honorable man when challenged would refuse to fight a duel. The challenged man expected to be killed, and so he chose as positions that the two should stand side by side, each to take hold of the same handkerchief with the left hand and hold his pistol in his right hand, and both were to fire on the command, "Ready, fire!" The experienced duelist, presenting the narrowest part of himself to his antagonist, received his ball in his right side and fell and died immediately. The other, not thinking of the policy of exposing the smallest possible front to his enemy, stood

squarely facing him. He received the ball in front, and it passed through his breast, not touching any vital part. He survived, and lived for many years afterwards.

Before the Erie Canal was finished, in 1825, this Cold Spring tavern was the stopping-place of the big five-, six- and seven-horse wagons, with tires six inches wide, which were used to transport goods from Albany to Buffalo,—the price of transportation being $6.00 per hundred pounds.

This was a place also where town-meetings and elections were held. Here, too, the young men and boys met to play old-fashioned "base ball," and have "shooting-matches," turkeys, geese and chickens being the game, 20 rods the distance, and the expense sixpence a shot. The distance after a few years was increased to 35 and 40 rods, as some became quite expert with the rifle. The Cold Spring was a central point for these and other purposes, such as balls, singing-schools, etc., for those from Buffalo Village, Black Rock and Buffalo Plains.

Here, too, as is elsewhere in these papers related, religious services were often held, while Mr. Franklin occupied the place.

B.—POPULATION OF BUFFALO, 1789-1884.

[See page 5, line 9.]

The idea that Buffalo did not seem likely "to become much of a place," suggests the insertion here of an exhibit of its increase in population in less than a century, from a single person to 250,000.

In 1791, or probably as early as 1789, and for some years thereafter, *one white man*, Cornelius Winne, lived where afterwards "Lake Erie" settlement on Buffalo creek (which later became Buffalo), was established.

In 1794, only three white persons were known as living on the present site of Buffalo.

In 1795, there were four or five houses, and perhaps 20 or 25 people here.

In 1805, the year in which my father came to Buffalo, it was composed, as I have often heard him say, of "about a dozen white families," and was named "New Amsterdam," and "Buffalo Creek."

In 1809, 43 families constituted Buffalo, or "Buffalo Creek" as it was then also called.

In 1810, the village contained "30 to 40 houses," and the population may be estimated at from 150 to 200.

In 1811, the population was computed at 500 by a traveler; probably too large an estimate.

In April, 1813, when the village was incorporated, it contained about 100 houses, and perhaps 400 or 500 people.

In 1820, the whole Town of Buffalo contained 2,095 inhabitants.

In 1821, the County of Niagara, comprising then the present Niagara and Erie counties, contained 23,313 inhabitants.

In 1825, the Village of Buffalo contained 2,412 inhabitants, and the Village of Black Rock 1,031; both together, on territory now all within the city, 3,443.

In 1828, when the first Directory was published, there were about 3,000 inhabitants in Buffalo Village.

In 1830, there were 8,680 inhabitants here.

In 1832, when the village became a city, by incorporation, the population numbered, according to the City Directory, 10,119.

The number of inhabitants has, since 1832, increased as follows: There were in 1835, 15,661; in 1840, 18,213; in 1845, 29,773; in 1850, 42,261; in 1855, 74,414 (the city being that year extended in territory from North street, etc., outward); in 1860, 81,129; in 1865, 94,502; in 1870, 118,000; in 1875, 140,000; in 1880, 154,000; in 1884, it is believed there are 225,000; some estimating the present population at 250,000.

C.—BUFFALO VILLAGE FAMILIES IN 1806.

[See page 5, line 29.]

The following descriptive list was furnished to me, from memory, in 1856, by my uncle, Lorin Hodge, late of Jefferson, Ohio, who came to Buffalo in 1806. This list comprises certainly the heads of most of the families at that time forming the population of Buffalo Village.

1.—Zenas Barker was an inn-keeper. He occupied a double log house located about six rods west of Main street, on the bluff (now the Terrace) facing south.

2.—John Crow, an inn-keeper, occupied a log house on the south side of Crow (now Exchange) street, so named after him, and between Main and Washington streets, near Washington. The latter street extended then only as far south as Crow.

3.—Erastus Granger had his office in one end of Crow's log tavern, he being Collector of the Port of Buffalo.

4.—Joshua Gillet was a merchant, and had his store east of Barker's tavern on the corner of Main street and the (Terrace) bluff.

5.—Vincent Grant, a merchant, was located on the west side of Main street, near Seneca.

6.—Louis Stephen LeCouteulx kept a drug-store opposite John Crow's tavern, on the north side of Crow street. He was at that time Town Clerk. There are numbers yet living who remember this polite Frenchman. He was a true gentleman in every sense of the word, and highly educated, but a refugee from France, obliged to leave his country or lose his head. He was indeed "of the old school." To the end of his life he continued to wear large silver shoe- and knee-buckles with long stockings and short breeches,—his queue, wound tastefully and neatly with a ribbon, displaying itself from under his hat, pendent at the back of his head.

7, 8.—Maybee and Johnson were merchants. Their store

adjoined that of M. LeCouteulx on the east. They dealt in Indian goods. Mr. Johnson had an Indian wife, and was of Tory memory.

9.—Capt. Samuel Pratt was a merchant. His store was west of, and next to, Crow's tavern, and his dwelling adjoined it, still farther west, standing on the corner of Main and Crow streets, where the Mansion House now is.

10.—William Hull, a silversmith, had his store on the east side of Main street, between Crow and Seneca.

11.—David Reese, a blacksmith for the Indians, had his dwelling on the southeast corner of Washington and Seneca streets, and his shop opposite, on the northeast corner, now occupied by the United States Custom House and Postoffice building.

12.—William Robbins had a blacksmith-shop near Vincent Grant's store, on the west side of Main street. His dwelling house was built of hewn logs, and stood in the rear, that is, west of his shop.

13.—Doctor Cyrenius Chapin lived on Main street, near the "Square," and "in the bushes" as it was then called, the lot where the Chapin block and Weed block now stand, on Swan street, north side, between Main and Pearl.

14, 15.—Michael Middaugh and his son-in-law, Ezekiel Lane, lived on Main street, near Little Buffalo Creek, on the south end of Samuel Pratt's lot.

16.—Black Joe lived in a small log shanty, situated "on the flat" near Little Buffalo Creek, on the east side of Main street, near Middaugh's. The shanty was covered with bark. Joe kept a low class groggery. He had a white woman for a wife (Mr. Ketchum says in his history of Buffalo, an Indian woman). He left the place in 1807, for Malden, Canada (Mr. Ketchum says he "moved to Cattaraugus Creek").

17.—A Mr. Mann was at this time living here, whose exact location is not remembered. He married a daughter of Mr. Lane, a granddaughter of Mr. Middaugh.

18.—John Despar, a Frenchman, was a baker. His house

and bake-shop stood on the east side of Washington street, between Crow and Seneca. He supplied most of the inhabitants with their bread and cakes. In 1815 or thereabouts, he bought a farm-lot on the south side of the "Cayuga Road," now Best street, and on the east side of Jefferson street. Genesee street, when laid out at a later date, crossed this farm near the south end. This place he made his home, having become dissipated and quit his business. He afterwards sold the farm to Mr. William Smith, who was the first person to supply the residents of the village with milk as a regular dairyman. His bargain was that Smith should pay him two hundred dollar a year, as long as he and his wife lived, he giving for this consideration a deed of the farm. Despar and his wife both died within two years after this sale to Smith.

D.—OUR TAVERN IN THE LOG HOUSE.

[See page 6, line 17.]

This *noble mansion* consisted of two rooms on the lower floor, with a wide hall between them. It had battened doors, naked peeled beams, and windows of 7x9 glass. The north room was used as a parlor, sitting-room, main kitchen and dining-room. The south room was the more public one. It could not be mistaken as one looked toward the right on entering by the front door into the hall. There the eye was caught by large black letters on an unpainted door, telling the visitor to "WALK IN,"—and there too was the "latch-string," hanging on the outer side of the door. This room also contained the bar, which was partitioned off in one corner. Under the shelves stood the whiskey and cider barrels, and on them were the kegs of brandy, rum and gin, and one or two kinds of wine,—as Madeira and Port. Maybe there was also there a keg of shrub or peppermint cordial, and occasionally one of metheglin. Sometimes, in the proper season, the bar

would contain a barrel of spruce beer, home-made, of course,—as also was the metheglin. There was no lager beer in those days, and the whiskey was more pure and consequently less injurious than that of the present time.

The sugar-box and money-drawer were made to slide under the front counter-board. The white sugar then used in the bar and on the table came in high, tapering solid cakes, called sugar-loaves, done up in coarse brown or black paper, and was known as loaf sugar. A few may yet be seen, now and then, at some stores.

The liquors sold at the bar were always measured out in the wine-glass and gill-cup, or in larger quantities when desired. Cider was sold by the pint or quart, red peppers being added; and in cold weather it was set upon coals and embers to heat. The mixed drinks furnished at the bar were termed "slings," and were made of sugar-water and brandy, rum or gin, well stirred with the "sugar-stick." Hot slings were made the same way, except that a hot iron was put in, to temper them, a slight sprinkling of nutmeg being regularly added.

A "sangaree" was made in the same way, using wine instead of the stronger liquors. Nearly all were as much in the habit of using these different kinds of liquors as beverages, as people now are of using tea, coffee, and even milk.

The fire-place in this bar-room and that in the north room were without "jambs,"—the chimneys being built with split sticks and plastered. That in the north room was furnished with a "trammel-pole," and "trammel" with hooks to match, for hanging kettles, etc., over the fire. The hearths were made of stones gathered from the fields.

The chamber rooms were used for sleeping purposes.

An addition built on the east side of the bar-room was used as a back kitchen and wash-room. It had a sloping roof, being a "lean-to." The fire-place was built in one corner of it, and the chimney and hearth were of the same materials as those in the other rooms.

E.—BUFFALO IN 1809.

[See page 9, line 1.]

The following, from an article contributed by me to the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, December 30, 1872, will serve to give some idea of what Buffalo was at this time. It is a copy of a letter written by Judge Granger to Hon. Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

BUFFALO, Oct. 20, 1809.

HON. A. GALLATIN:

Sir:—During the last session of Congress I noticed the passing of a resolution for instructing the Committee on Commerce and Manufactures to enquire into the expediency of removing the Custom-houses in the districts of Niagara and Buffalo Creek from fort Niagara to Lewiston, and from Buffalo to Black Rock. I have since understood that Col. Peter B. Porter, member from this State, was the mover of the resolution. That there may be reasons for removing the Custom-house in the former place I do not deny, but to remove the latter at this time, I think would be highly improper. Believing that I am correct in opinion, and believing also that to remain silent on the subject would be a neglect of duty which I owe to you, the head of the Revenue Department, I hasten to communicate a brief statement of facts for your consideration.

The Village of Buffalo, where the Custom-house is now kept, is situate near the mouth of Buffalo creek, and at the outlet of Lake Erie. It is a good harbor for boats. Vessels often lie off at the mouth of the creek and receive loading. The place is fast increasing in population and business; it already contains forty-three families, besides a number of young gentlemen who are settled here in professional and mercantile pursuits.

It is the seat of justice for the County of Niagara, and has a handsome Court-house and Jail nearly completed. Most of the importations heretofore from Canada have been made by the citizens of this place. Its situation for obtaining information of what is passing in the district is superior to any other place.

Black Rock is opposite the rapids in Niagara River, and is only two and a quarter miles from the center of the Village of Buffalo, as the road now goes."

That this expression, "as the road now goes," may be fully understood, I observe that at the date of this letter, the

traveled road from Buffalo to Black Rock was on the beach from the mouth of Buffalo creek down the river. The probability is that the road, now called Niagara street, had but lately been cut out, and though open, was not in a condition to be much used. Mr. Granger, wishing to make a statement as favorable for Buffalo as facts would allow, seemed to anticipate Niagara street's becoming *the* road, for travel, between the two places. The letter continues:

"The land for a considerable distance below and above Black Rock, is owned by the State of New York, and no law is yet passed for the selling of it. A Mr. Miller has built a temporary house at the Rock, under the bank of the river, where a ferry-house and tavern are kept.

Messrs. Porter, Barton & Co., have built a store on the Rock; one other white family and two black families compose the inhabitants of the place. About three-fourths of a mile below the Rock there are two other families living on land belonging to Messrs. Porter & Co.

The vessels employed in the navigation of Lake Erie, when in port, lie at the head of the rapids in the Niagara river, and a little below a reef of rocks called Bird Island. At this place they receive and discharge their loading by boats. The distance of this place from Black Rock is one mile, and from Buffalo one and three-fourths miles; making the difference in favor of the former only three-fourths of a mile.

The land opposite Bird Island is owned by the State. There is some business done on the lake in open boats. These uniformly use the harbor of Buffalo Creek.

I cannot say but in time it will be expedient to remove the Custom-house from Buffalo, but at present I do not conceive there is any necessity for, or propriety in, the measure.

I have no private motives, or personal interest in opposing the measure, for should I be continued as the Collector, I could as well do the business at Black Rock as at Buffalo, provided I could buy a piece of land on which to build an office, and not become a squatter on others' land.

I will only observe that the foregoing statement is founded on facts, and I pledge myself to prove it by unquestionable testimony if necessary.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, your obedient, humble servant, ERASTUS GRANGER."

It is evident from this letter, that Judge Granger had no desire to remove the office of Collector of Customs to Black

Rock, and he undoubtedly gave the full and correct quota of the population of Buffalo at that time, namely, forty-three families, besides the single young men referred to. At the time of writing he was not only Collector, but also Postmaster and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, which offices he held from 1803, the time of his coming to Buffalo, until 1818. The office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs he moved from Canandaigua to this place. He was the first Postmaster, and in 1803 established the first Post-office here, under Government.

On the organization of the original Niagara County, in 1808, of which Buffalo was the county-seat, he was appointed one of the Judges for the county.

This letter is authentic, and from one who had means of knowing the facts as to the Village of Buffalo at that time, equal to if not better than those of any other person. The statement made by him would not be questioned by any of the first settlers here.

F.—COLD SPRING SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 2.

[See page 9, line 28.]

I here give the names and places of residence of the inhabitants of our Cold Spring School District, Number Two (afterwards Number Three, and now Number Sixteen), as I can recall them from the time of my earliest remembrance,—say from about 1810–1811. I commence my list at what was so long known as "Walden hill" (on Main street, a short distance south of North street), and proceed northward along Main street.

On this hill, east of Main street, the old Goodrich Mansion is still standing; and west of Main street, on land in early days

owned by the late Judge Ebenezer Walden, are, among others, the residences for years owned and occupied by the late Com. Stephen Champlin, and the late Rev. G. W. Heacock, D. D. At the time of which I now write, there was on this hill, east of Main street, only a small log house, occupied by a colored woman named Chloe. There was no house on the west side.

At the present North street, the "outer" village lots terminated and "farm" lots commenced. The first lot on the east side of Main street, above North, was farm-lot No. 30, and the lots from this to No. 52 were on the east side of the street. This lot, No. 30, contained a double log house, occupied by Nathan W. Seaver. The opposite lot, on the west side of the street, was No. 53, on which was a small log house occupied by a Mr. Raymond. This house was subsequently the dwelling of Major Noble, and then of Sacket Dodge. The lots numbering from this upward were on the west side of Main street. On lot 54 was a log house occupied by another Mr. Raymond, a brother of the one just mentioned. This lot was afterwards owned and occupied by Alvan L. Dodge, for many years. Lots 31, 32, 55, 56, had no houses upon them, except that in 1811 Major Ward Cotton built a log house on lot 55, and occupied it. On lot 33 was a small log house, occupied by Major Nathan Toles. On lot 34 was a small log house occupied by George Burger. On lot 57 was a small log house occupied by Michael Hunt. This lot was afterwards the site of Hodge's Brick Tavern. On lot 35 was a double log house occupied by Thomas Forth. This was afterwards bought by William Hodge, Sen. On lot 58 was a small log house occupied by Christjohn Staley, standing back on the side hill, near a spring. This house was on the old traveled road, running about where Delaware street now is. On lot 59 was a double log house, the logs being hewed on two sides. This was occupied by William DeShay, and subsequently by Samuel McConnell. It is now the location of Spring Abbey. On this same lot was a small log house occupied by David Reese. On lots

36 and 37, the "Cold Spring property," was a small log house occupied by Mr. Kettle. On lot 38 was a small log house standing back a few rods eastward of the Cold spring; I do not remember who occupied this. On Main street was a log house occupied by Elijah Leech. On lot 60 was a small framed house occupied by Lyman Persons. On lot 61, near the Jubilee spring which was on lot 62, was a log house occupied by John Mains and afterwards by George Wormwood. On lot 62 was a small framed house, occupied by Shadrach Remington,—father of the Reverends David and James Remington, and grandfather of Cyrus K. Remington of Buffalo. An old log house stood on the back part of this lot. On lot 63 was a small log house occupied by Mr. Wintermute. On lot 64 was a small log house standing down the creek at the stone quarry, which was occupied by Ebenezer Averill. He was quite an aged man. His son Zerah was the manager of the quarrying business, and was the Deputy Collector. On lot 39 was a small log house about where Puffer street now comes into Main. I do not remember who was the occupant of this. I recollect going to school in that house. Lot No 40 was not occupied by any house. On lot 41 was a log house occupied by Capt. Joseph Wells. On lot 42 there was no house. On lot 43, the "Brisbane lot," was a double log house occupied by Zebulon Ketchum. On lot 65 was a log house, near the saw-mill (this having been occupied a few months in 1805 by William Hodge), and a log house upon the hill, occupied by a Mr. Perry, and subsequently by Erastus Granger.

Next to the creek, on the road, was a double log house occupied by Asa Chapman. This house was near the bridge on the west side, a double house, and stood forward, half in the road.

Lot 66 was not occupied by any house, south of the "Chapin" lot, which was not in our school-district.

G.—MY GRANDFATHER'S WOLF-TRAP.

[See page 10, line 9.]

Before giving some papers relating to the war, it will be in place here to insert one having reference to some of those occupations and experiences of the pioneers which continued even in the war-time, as a necessary part of their ordinary life.

My mother's father, Daniel Abbott, came to Buffalo Village, from Exeter, Otsego County, N. Y., in the spring of 1810, and resided here about two years. In June, 1812, the month in which the "Last War" began, he took up a farm in the town of Hamburg in this county, on the lake shore, which was for many years afterwards known as "Abbott's," and there took up his residence.

For many years after the Holland Land Purchase began to be settled, the forests in this region continued so to abound with game, as to offer great inducements to those who for sport or profit were inclined to kill or capture wild animals. These were the beaver, otter, mink, red and cross-gray fox, bear, wolf, deer, and some of minor importance. Some were taken for their skins alone, others for their flesh;—the bear and deer for both.

But wolves were especially quite plentiful, and were greatly to be dreaded on account of their many depredations on the sheep-folds (as in the case of Mr. Abbott's ewes—below referred to), and the destruction caused by them among pigs and calves. Even the settlers themselves were not secure from their attacks. Thus, Mr. Johnson Clough of the town of Hamburg in this county, was once chased by wolves, and compelled to take to the lake by wading into it, to save his life. Sheep were yarded and penned every night for safety, and even then would often be attacked and killed. The depredations were of such frequent occurrence, and were so widespread in the sparse settlements, that very soon the towns, the counties and the state respectively offered bounties for the scalps of wolves captured within their boundaries.

The farm which Mr. Abbott had made his home, was then in its primitive state, covered with a heavy forest, without a house or any cleared land. He was a carpenter by trade, but divided his time, as occasion required, between farming, hunting, catching pigeons in a large twine net made by himself, trapping wolves and foxes, and sometimes hunting the latter with hounds, and, in the way of his trade, also putting up house and barn frames. In those times the settlers were poor, and they could pay but a small amount, if anything, as purchase-money, when they first took possession of their farms, although the cost-price was but a few dollars per acre. Money was of course very scarce; barter and exchange being the principal mode of supplying family necessaries. A man having a hundred dollars in money was considered as being in extremely good circumstances, and so the price paid by the furriers for fox-pelts, and the bounties offered for wolf-scalps, were quite desirable, and eagerly sought after. Mr. Abbott, of course, had this prevailing desire, and being very fond of hunting and trapping, he had in this an additional incentive to pursue these occupations. So, shortly after his arrival in Hamburg, he procured a large steel wolf-trap. In all probability, however, the direct and immediate reason for this purchase was, the loss of ten fine ewes out of a flock of twelve. He had bought this flock from a farmer living a few miles distant, and after driving them home, had shut them up for the night in a strong pen adjoining the side of his log house. Upon visiting the pen the following morning he was dismayed to discover that a wolf had paid him a visit during the night, and that of his twelve ewes only two had been left alive. And yet so silently had his wolfship conducted the affair, that no noise had disturbed the inmates of the house.

So Mr. Abbott purchased a trap from one Jonathan Ames, of the town of Evans, in this county, of whom I will presently say something more. This trap was a very formidable, ugly-looking object. It had long spike-teeth inserted in each jaw,

which interlocked with each other when it was sprung, and had a closing-spring so stiff and strong, that the power of a hand-spike was required to set it.

Mr. Abbott kept this trap set most of the time, for foxes, when their fur was prime and good, and for wolves when there was any prospect of catching them. The people of to-day can hardly imagine the delight experienced by a family just settling on a new farm in the wilderness, at the capture of a wolf. The main object with them was, of course, first, to produce from the farm enough for family subsistence, and second, to get the farm paid for; and so, the bounty being thirty dollars for the scalp of each wolf killed in the state, such an event was a matter of no small benefit to the fortunate slayer of even one of the depredators. Even the capture of a fox was hailed with great joy, for every such creature taken had its direct value. Mr. Abbott in the course of years succeeded in capturing many foxes, both of the cross-gray and the red varieties; and for the pelts of the former sort he received from two to two and a half dollars apiece, for those of the latter one dollar, from the hatters and furriers in the village. How great must have been the anxiety of the trapper for success, especially in catching the wolves, the great enemies of his flocks, when, knowing that they were in the vicinity of his domain, his fear of them was intensified by actual raids repeatedly made upon his own and his neighbors' premises. Let us follow, as we may, his *modus operandi*, in proceeding against these enemies. I will picture a real experience,—that of Mr. Abbott.

He took the carcass of one of the victims of their onsets for a bait, which, having been "snaked," that is dragged, out into the woods to a proper distance, was staked down and made fast by the side of a log. The trap was then set, placed near the carcass, and slightly covered with dry leaves. Then it was left to be "raided" upon by the "varmints."

Early the next morning, the trapper went out to examine the trap. Nothing had touched the bait, and the trap was all

right. The morning following, he went again to the trap (it was, say, a quarter of a mile distant from the house) the snow being then quite deep; and when he came to the place where the trap was, he found it still set, having evidently met with no change or disturbance. These journeys he repeated for several days in succession, until, one morning when he arrived near the trap, he found it sprung,—but, to his great disappointment and chagrin, the thing had been done by the ever active, intermeddling blue jay, which had been attracted to the carcass, and, hopping about, had been caught in the big trap. He had however paid dearly for his folly, since the wolves had been there, too, and had eaten him off from the iron jaws that held him and finished their meal by a dessert from the carcass of the sheep. But the trapper pocketed his disappointment, re-set the trap, and with reviving hope, anticipated better success in the future. The next morning, as usual, he visited the trap. Not yet had it been disturbed; wolves, like Indians, however, require but one hearty meal within a day or two, so there was still hope. He went again, next morning, stepping in the same path or track in which he had already walked so many times on the same errand; and nearing the log, yet while still at a short distance, he discovered, by some marks in the snow, that wolves had been there, and going a few steps nearer, he saw that—the trap was gone! His anxiety was at its height; something had been caught, and with quick steps he hastily followed the trail of the trap, by its marks with those of the attached chain, clearly visible in the snow. And it was plain to see how the animal caught had bounded and leaped this way, that way, snapping and biting the trap which had got a sure hold of one of its legs. And so, after scanning the ground ahead, and following the tracks some forty rods, the trapper discovered at a short distance from him, a wolf, lying crouched down in the snow, as if ashamed to be seen. It is a fact, that a wolf when caught in a trap, becomes completely subdued and docile; so much so that after

a cord is tied around its neck, it can be released from the trap and led away without resistance or difficulty. But the trapper in this case leveled the old musket which he had constantly carried with him, and fired at the wolf, which made one powerful spring, to the length of the chain, and fell in death-struggles. The chain, it was found, had become fastened in a bush, and had probably held the wolf there for some hours.

Then, the trapper was rewarded for all his pains. Thirty dollars were his, as bounty-money, part from the town, part from the county, and part from the state. This paid him well for the time he had spent in those three or four weeks, perseveringly keeping up his operations against the wolves.

Mr. Abbott set the trap again, put it in position, and, as before, day after day, for a while he had nothing but disappointment. No wolves came to disturb bait or trap. Meantime, however, two foxes were secured, which were some recompense for his trouble; and one other animal was also taken which is a great nuisance to all hunters and trappers as well as to a good many other people here and there,—namely, a pole-cat, or skunk. Mr. Abbott's patience and labor did not, however, ultimately fail of their reward; for, after eight days' time the wolves came again, and within the succeeding two weeks he secured the scalps of two more of the wily chaps. In fact, a fourth wolf was caught, but the trapper received no bounty for this, as the law required him to produce the *scalp*, while he was able to present only the foot, and a small part of the leg of the wolf,—for the trap had broken the bones of his leg, and his wolfship had *gnawed off the sinews* and escaped. There were, unfortunately, thirty dollars lost,—at least, not gained, which was practically the same. Yet Mr. Abbott was enabled by means of those bounties, and the money procured for the pelts of the foxes caught in this trap, to make a large payment on his farm.

This wolf-trap was quite an important heir-loom in the Abbott family. It was kept in use most of the time, for some twenty or twenty-five years, after its purchase. Then it was suddenly missed. But some years later, after the death of my grandfather, a son of his, in a journey as a buyer of furs in Ohio, by a mere chance came across at Sandusky City this identical old wolf-trap, and he of course recovered it on proving ownership. It has since passed from that son's possession into a grandson's, whose residence is in the neighborhood where it had been so efficient in catching and holding valuable game in early days.

Surely this instrument having been a pioneer and so long a resident of our formerly Niagara, now Erie County, and so usefully efficient towards paying for a good farm and clearing the country of pests, is entitled to some notice in making up the local history of this region. And its origin and something concerning its maker deserve to be recorded.

Mr. Jonathan Ames, the maker, was quite a character, and himself one of the pioneers of Western New York. He was a blacksmith, and his fame as a steel-trap maker was quite extensive. All the traps he could make found ready sale among the dealers in furs in Buffalo Village and elsewhere, and they were in fact known to the trappers from Genesee to Mackinac.

The old fur and hat store on the southeast corner of Main and Swan streets, carried on by Stocking & Bull, Stocking & Dart, and subsequently (removed to the other side of the street) by William Ketchum & Co., used to have "*Ames' Steel-Traps*" for sale; and I think Stillman & Co. also sold them, and supplied the country far and near with these useful articles.

Mr. Ames would make up a back-load of traps of different sizes, suitable for catching beavers, otters, foxes, minks, and muskrats or water-rats (house-rats were not known when first he made his steel-traps, here in Western New York),

string them together, and loading them across his shoulders start off on foot for Buffalo. There he disposed of them to customers, laid in a supply of iron and steel, and a good quantity of that to him indispensable article, namely, tea; and, when ready, shouldered his bundle and started for his home. This was two or three miles west of Eighteen-mile creek, near Sturgeon Point, and something over twenty miles from Buffalo Village. The road by which he traveled, and all who at that time went up the lake shore, is described in another of these papers.

In one of these return journeys he had laid in a larger stock than usual, and the road was extremely bad. He had managed to carry his load, by resting occasionally, until, within a few miles of his home, having become very tired, he sat down to rest. As he rose to go on, he discovered some travelers coming with a team. It occurred to him that he might play a practical joke with them and get relieved from carrying his heavy load. He therefore feigned to avoid being seen by the party with the team. They discovered him, of course, and noticing his peculiar actions, thought best to take him and his burden of iron and steel into custody, suspecting him to be a thief. They therefore arrested him, relieving him of his property by putting it safely into the wagon, and required him as a prisoner to take a seat with them there. This he did, having, as if overpowered by numbers, submitted to the arrest. On arrival at his home, the joke came out. Whether the case was argued by his wife and family, and he acquitted, or whether the capturing party took Mr. Ames over to the tavern near by, and there discussed the case over a bottle of whiskey, as was customary in those times, the records fail to show, and tradition, so far as I have been able to learn, is silent about it. But at any rate, Mr. Ames was not required to give bail for an appearance at court, and he was the gainer by an easy trip for the latter part of that one of his toilsome journeys.

H.—THE BOYS' PET CANNON.

[See page 10, line 35.]

In connection with the mention of this squad of cavalry and this twenty-four-pounder salute gun, the following incident will be at least an amusing matter of history:

There was also "stationed" in our neighborhood at this time a small band of individuals forming a self-constituted guard, who, independent of any military control, but enjoying the excitement of the times, and willing to "lend a hand" in the controversy, were ever ready when occasion demanded to "take the field" and fight "on their own hook." This company of youngsters had made their rendezvous at the log house of Alvan L. Dodge, fronting on Main street, on farm-lot 54 (at the corner of our Main and Summer streets). In their possession was a small cannon or "swivel," a two- or three-pounder, which had been captured from one of the British gun-boats, and as happens very often in war time with property, had fallen into the hands of private individuals.

Wishing to be in unison with and desirous of imitating the regular military guard at the "Tavern," they fired this swivel at the same time in the morning when the artillery-men discharged the big cannon. In order to do this with greater regularity and precision, they watched the motion or swinging of the lighted match in the hands of the artillery-men, at the moment of firing their salute.

Soon after the war this swivel came into the possession of Mr. William Hodge, Sen., by purchase, at a public sale of the effects of Nathan Toles, a neighbor residing on lot No. 33 (commonly called the Loomis lot) and who died in 1815, the year in which the war ended. Mr. Hodge had it mounted on a regular cannon-carriage which was made by an Englishman, a wheelwright by trade. He was a deserter from the British army, having with a friend, James Bromley, left the British

camp near Fort Erie, one night, "borrowed" a canoe without leave, and with some pieces of board paddled across Niagara river.

In after years, as may well be imagined, the possession of this cannon for the purpose of celebrating the Anniversary of our National Independence was a great desideratum among the boys of the village. For, of course, having been used to the noise and tumult of war, nothing less than a real cannon could sufficiently gratify and express their patriotism. Not only, however, on Independence day was this weapon in demand, but also at all celebrations and public meetings of any description, at Major Miller's, Atkins' or William Hodge's, at Williamsville, or at Ransom's grove (Clarence). No such occasion could be complete without that cannon.

But alas! one Fourth-of-July morning about the year 1820, on awaking early and rushing out to the barn to get our *pet cannon*, and have the first grand roaring "bang" for the day, we discovered, to our intense sorrow and chagrin, that it had been stolen by the boys from the village. They had come out during the night, and tearing some boards from the back of the barn where it was stored, had abstracted our plaything. It did not quiet our feelings much to hear it, as we did, banging away down in the village. We started in haste to recover it, but there was no street-car or even sidewalk in those days,—the middle of the road was the path for pedestrians,—but, making good time for the circumstances, we put in an appearance before long at the old Eagle tavern, opposite the present Clinton street. There stood our cannon, in the middle of the road, a party of men and boys being in the immediate vicinity, but none laying any claim to our property. We accordingly took possession at once and ran it out to Mr. Hodge's, where we had grand sport with it during the rest of the day.

If there are any of those village boys yet living in Buffalo or elsewhere (they must be now from seventy to eighty or

more years of age), and if they read these lines, I should like to have them "report" themselves to me, and also favor the public with any facts they may remember concerning this little escapade. They surely cannot have forgotten the consequences of the affair, nor how they were all politely invited to "walk up to the captain's office (Squire Clary's) and settle," nor how cheerfully they complied with this earnest request. What they paid was certainly a reasonable sum for disappointing "us boys" on that memorable day and getting off with no further "questions asked."

I have stated that the pet cannon was "stolen"—but in those days we did not usually apply the words "stolen" or "steal" to cases of taking without leave—things so taken were said to be "*hooked*." This term is supposed to have originated in (it was at any rate well warranted by) the practice of the soldiers in those days, who, carrying, by custom, walking-sticks with hooked handles, would reach across the counter of a store they might be in, when the proprietor's back was toward them, and "hook" articles from the shelves for their own use. This was in fact a quite general custom with them. I presume there is at least one gentleman now living here who will remember being placed with his brother on the store counter to watch the goods while their father attended to the customers.

I am sorry that I must also chronicle the destruction of this pet cannon whose story I have been telling. It was in use in celebrating the "Glorious Fourth," at Ransom's Grove (Clarence) now quite a number of years ago, and burst in firing; and thus ingloriously—or was it gloriously?—came to its end the plaything that had for so long a time been a source of delightful enjoyment to the boys of Buffalo and vicinity.

I.—THE BATTLE OF BLACK ROCK.

[See page 11, line 13.]

In this paper my object is, chiefly, to point out and correct some errors that have gone into history concerning this affair, and to relate a few incidents connected with it.

In the summer campaign of 1813, our army was withdrawn from Canada by our commander, Gen. McClure. He then, after blowing up Fort George, opposite Fort Niagara, also very unwisely and needlessly burned Newark, formerly called Butlersbury, and now Niagara Village. This proceeding greatly enraged the Canadians, and they boldly declared that they would be revenged by the burning of some of our villages, and especially that Buffalo should be destroyed by fire. All the residents of Buffalo felt sure that they would carry out this threatened retaliation, if possible.

In consequence of this, and the presence of English troops across the river, militia-men were raised in different parts of the country, and sent on to Buffalo for our protection. For a number of weeks, and up to the time when the British crossed the river, the militia continued to pour into the village, until it was said that we had between three and four thousand men here under arms. The British force that afterwards crossed, proved to have amounted to twelve hundred regulars and two or three hundred Indians.

It was supposed that our army had strength sufficient to drive back and "whip" any force that would be sent against us. I remember well how much our commander, General Hall, was censured for rousing our men from their slumbers, and marching them down Niagara street on one of the darkest of dark nights to meet the British regulars in open fight; and for allowing our troops to be outflanked by the Indians, whose savage yells coming on all sides from an unseen foe, were enough to frighten even bolder hearts than were possessed by these new recruits, only a few days away from their homes

and farms. It was the universal judgment that our men should have been kept where they were in safety, and simply prepared to meet the enemy when they should arrive near the village, which would have been after daylight.

All events of the war were fully related and discussed in the bar-room of my father's tavern, and I, although but a boy, being required to be there a large part of the time to wait on the guests, heard and remembered much that was said. Boys, too, notice and remember many things that older people sometimes forget, or do not think of sufficient importance to be put on record as matters of history,—yet it is the little things, grouped together, that make up the whole.

Upon examination of the different historical accounts of the occurrences in our immediate vicinity on the morning of the day that Buffalo was burned, I fail to find any full and correctly detailed description; but I do find some statements published in the journals of the day, evidently written by persons who knew but little of the actual facts, or certainly they would not have been so incorrect in their accounts.

The events of that memorable morning, December 30, 1813, as I remember them, and heard them many times related during weeks and months afterward, were as follows:

The British were discovered between one and two o'clock that morning, as related in my leading paper, by a patrol of the company of horsemen then stationed at my father's public house. The enemy had landed a short distance below Squaw Island, had then marched up and crossed Scajaquada (Conjockety's) creek on the old bridge, which was not far from its mouth, and continuing their march had easily captured our lower battery. This was nearly opposite the head of Squaw Island. They had thus far met with little or no opposition. But at or near this point they were met by our militia. It was then nearly daylight. At about this time another force of the enemy had crossed, and landed nearly opposite to the place where the first body stood formed in line, and at this point the battle was fought.

Many of our men on the night-march down to Black Rock nad *left the ranks;* and when our force met the enemy, *more than half* of our militia had deserted and fled through the woods. Those who remained fought well for a time, but very soon broke ranks and fled; and there ensued a general stampede into and through the forest, eastward. Meanwhile the British continued their march up the Black Rock road (Niagara street), meeting with no opposition excepting from the brave Col. (Dr.) Cyrenius Chapin and a few followers who brought to bear on them a small field-piece.

It was commonly reported after the battle that the British officers had said that they were on the point of surrendering to our force, and that if our men had stood their ground and given them one more volley, they would have surrendered. This erroneous statement, published in many of the eastern newspapers, was probably obtained from those who first left the scene of action (if they were in it at all); and the editors of course published the first accounts that they could get, being undoubtedly those of the persons who first ran away.

Two of my uncles, Lorin and Alfred Hodge, with a number of our neighbors and townsmen, were in that battle. After it these two returned to their homes in the vicinity of Cold Spring, and with my father were the last to leave the neighborhood, and then not till the flames were doing their destroying work down in the village.

In the *Manlius Times*, published January 4, 1814, there is an account of this battle which is copied into the Appendix to Ketchum's history of Buffalo, and which contains several errors. It states that "the skirmish which took place with our militia was where the enemy landed, and lasted several hours," while in truth our force stationed there, being small, retired almost immediately. Again it says: "Toward daylight a body of regulars, from eight hundred to one thousand, with cannon, etc., landed at the mouth of Buffalo creek directly above the village." This is entirely false. Then it states that

"our men finding themselves attacked on both flanks, immediately retreated through the woods on to the road near Major Miller's" (at Cold Spring). So far as the retreating or *fleeing* is concerned, this is true; but then it is further asserted that "here Gen. Hall rallied them, and conducted them towards Buffalo, where they met the enemy, and considerable hard fighting took place." This is not true. There was no marching back, no rallying and no fighting at Buffalo. This must have been written by one who drew largely on his imagination for his facts.

From a letter given in Ketchum's history, dated January 30, 1814, to General Porter at Albany, I quote as follows: "The enemy then" (that is, *after* the battle) "marched to Buffalo, a detachment taking the road to Granger's Mills" (on Conjockety's creek). This was not so. None of the enemy went out there that day with the exception of some scouting Indians. A few Indians did come up the "Guide Board road" (North street) and shot at our people passing on the old main road near the present Delaware street, wounding one man in the knee; but they did not come up *to* the main road.

What little Mr. Turner says in his "History of the Holland Purchase" in relation to the battle of that day is very correct except this statement: "Looking up Main street Judge Walden saw a small force approaching, and immediately started to meet it. It proved to be a detachment of forty regular soldiers, under the command of Lieut. Riddle, marching in to save the village," etc. I think this statement must be without any good foundation, as I never heard or saw any other account of such an event. If it had been a fact, I think that some of us would have known of it, and that it would have been spoken of at that time or immediately afterwards. We (of my father's family), fleeing from home late that morning, were on the road all the way to Williamsville and three miles beyond, and nothing was seen or heard of any soldiers going towards Buffalo. The fact is, all had their faces turned the

other way, and seemed to be moving on in a great hurry. Indeed, when our men had broken ranks and commenced to run, there was no such thing as stopping them. After getting through the woods, our "gallant" soldiery covered the fields between the Guide-board road and Cold Spring. One man, wounded in the shoulder by a musket-ball, came across the fields to the house of the widow Cotton (a near neighbor). While George W. Cotton, her son, was getting off the man's coat to examine and dress the wound, the cry was so strong that the British and Indians were coming, that the wounded man could not wait, but ran across the road and into the woods, following scores of others who were on a full run. And yet Mrs. Cotton and her family, and most of the other families there and in the village, had not as yet left their homes. In truth, our militia army and most of the officers went far ahead of the inhabitants in fleeing before the enemy that morning; some of the officers manifesting as much cowardice as the men. There was a feeble effort made to rally the men at the Cold Spring; but they could no more be stopped than a flock of sheep when it has once started to go by you. At Williamsville bridge there was better success, some being stopped and continuing on guard at that place.

Another account says: "The enemy remained on this side until Saturday." This, too, is a mistake. They all returned across the river the same day on which they came over,—Thursday, December 30. It became known afterwards that they said they dared not remain over night, fearing that their retreat would be cut off. These things were talked of at that time, and no doubt were true. The enemy were over here Saturday, January 1, 1814, as a separate expedition, of which and its incidents I write in another article.

I add a few incidents of the battle. Mr. Job Hoisington is referred to in the memoir of my father (see page 10) and from two accounts of his death during the battle of Black Rock, which I have published, one in the Buffalo Historical

Society's publications,* vol. i., page 53, the other in the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, Dec. 30, 1871, I here give a single and full account of the event. It will be suitable to mention concerning him that his son, the Rev. Henry Hoisington, was for many years a devoted missionary in the Island of Ceylon.

Mr. Hoisington, "gallant Job Hoisington" he has well been called, was an intelligent, resolute, patriotic man; and when the news of the approach of the British towards Buffalo came, he took his musket and left his family early in the morning, to meet the enemy. He went into the ranks with Capt. Hull's Buffalonians, and they stood their ground well; but when the three thousand and odd of new levies broke and fled precipitately, only a few hundred were left to face as many Indians, and over a thousand disciplined British regulars. For a brief period they contested the field, but seeing that they were flanked, they retreated, along the Guide-board road, now North street, eastward. But here Hoisington lingered, withdrew a little, stopped, and said, "I will have one more shot at them," and started to go back. His companions urged him to go on with them, but could not prevail on him to do so. This was the last that was known of him by his friends till, in the following spring, some eight weeks later, his remains were found beside a log in the woods (near the spot on which the residence of the late Frederick Gridley, on North street, stands,—a block or two west of the Normal School building)—and not far from the place where he had left his companions. A bullet had perforated, and a tomahawk had cleft, his skull; while his scalp had been torn from his bleeding head, as a trophy of savage conquest and a token of British inhumanity. His faithful musket lay empty by his side, and no doubt his death was avenged ere it occurred. He was buried in the old Cold Spring cemetery, and in 1850, his remains were reinterred with those of nearly a hundred others buried there, in "Forest Lawn."

Mr. Hoisington's family (a wife and six children), left their

* *Publications of The Buffalo Historical Society*. Bigelow Bro's, Publishers, Buffalo.

home on foot that cold morning, having no one to help them, and went along the Batavia road towards Williamsville. Two or three of the smaller children were picked up by some of our horsemen who were escaping, and carried away some fifteen or twenty miles, into the town of Clarence, and one of them many miles further, into Genesee County, and left with strangers. It was several days before the mother learned where her children were. In the battle that morning were two others of our neighbors, who went to meet the enemy, and fought "on their own hook." They were my uncle, Alfred Hodge, and a Mr. Estee. After fighting some time, they had to retreat for their lives. They were being outflanked by the British Indians, as, a little after daylight, they were running along up the old Guide-board road. Mr. Estee rid himself of his overcoat and outran Mr. Hodge, who could not get rid of his so easily, having a rifleman's cartridge-box belted tightly around him. He saw that two Indians were gaining on him, and would surely overtake him soon. He had reached the back field of Sacket Dodge's lot,—about where Delaware street now crosses North,—the road being through the woods and bushes, and just there there was a crook in the track of the road which put him out of sight of the Indians for a moment, and in that moment he jumped the fence, and hid behind a log close by, quite out of breath, but cocked his gun and laid it across the log. Some bushes partially screened him from sight, as he looked over the log. His object was to have the first fire, if discovered. The Indians soon came up, halted and looked around and across the field, but did not discover him. While standing there in the road they fired several shots at persons going along on the main road, one taking effect in a man's knee. At one moment they both stood in range with Mr. Hodge, and he thought that he could bring them down at one shot, but they changed position too quickly for this. They soon returned towards Black Rock, and he left his hiding-place and made his way across the fields to the

house of his father, Benjamin Hodge, on farm lot No. 54, on the northwest corner of our Main and Utica streets.

On this morning of the battle the few families in our neighborhood, before starting off (as numbers did) on foot, to flee, disposed of some of their household goods in a manner not very secure. Behind stumps and logs in the adjoining fields were hastily put baskets or pails of crockery, articles of furniture, cooking utensils, etc. All live-stock was left to shift for itself, and this in the dead of winter. Mr. Benjamin Hodge, Sen., thinking it more merciful to knock his old sow in the head than to leave her to starve in the cold, took his axe and aimed a blow at the creature, which however she dodged, and so saved her life;—for she managed to exist without his care until Mr. Hodge returned, about a week later.

J.—THE BURNING OF BUFFALO, AND INCIDENTS.

[See page 12, line 18.]

The *second* visit of the enemy here mentioned was made to complete the work left unfinished two days before, viz., the destruction of Buffalo Village by fire. After the Battle of Black Rock, and the flight of our troops, Dec. 30, 1813, the enemy had pressed on, and nearly destroyed the place, yet ten or a dozen houses were still left standing. The object of this raid of Jan. 1, 1814, was to burn these and destroy any public property they could find.

The story of the burning has been so often and so well told, that I do not here enter upon it at length, but only seek to make prominent the fact of two separate assaults and burnings, and give a few incidents of this second one.

Emboldened by the retirement of the enemy after the first attack, numbers of people had come into the village, some led by curiosity, others seeking shelter. But this proved to be an unfortunate thing for those who had thus come together, for suddenly an alarm was raised, and the fierce invaders broke in upon their fancied security. All the remaining buildings, except Mrs. St. John's dwelling, the stone jail walls, a barn-frame, and a blacksmith's shop, were destroyed, and thirty or forty prisoners taken, in and outside of the village.

Among these latter was Daniel Lewis, our next door neighbor. He had ventured back on Saturday to his barnyard, to feed his cattle which he had left in such a hurry, and was seized by the enemy. They took him with the rest over the river, but kept him only a day or two; and after having some sport over him they sent him back. Mr. Ralph Pomeroy, also, keeper of a public-house on Main street, east side, above Seneca, was carried to Canada, but returned here in a day or so. My uncle, Benjamin Hodge, Jr., was of the number who went on that day to see the ruins. He, too, was taken prisoner, and kept as such a year and a half. He was taken first to Montreal and then to Quebec. While thus a prisoner his feet were frozen, and he was crippled in consequence for several years.

Another of the prisoners taken at this time, in the village, was Mr. David Eddy, a Quaker from the town of Hamburg. He had come down from home to see the burnt village, not expecting to meet the enemy, and was seized. The prisoners were collected together on the Black Rock road (now Niagara street), at a short distance from Main, and were about being marched down to that village, when they were halted and asked by the commanding officer if any of them knew of any public property near by, that could be destroyed. Mr. Eddy answered, and said that he did. They enquired, "Where," and he directed them to William Hodge's "brick house on the hill," near Cold Spring.

Eight horsemen were then detailed to go and destroy the property, and Eddy was ordered to mount behind one of them and show them the way. Their orders were that if they met any opposition they should shoot Eddy, and return. He conducted them to the house, and as they came in sight of it, they were discovered by Mr. Benjamin Hodge, Sen., and Mr. Keep, who were in the house at the time, and who ran out, and down the hill, before the men came up. The leader gave chase after them, and called on them to stop; Mr. Hodge did so, and the horseman passed by him and followed Mr. Keep, who continued running for about eighty rods. When the officer neared him he raised his carbine, or short musket, and shot him, and he fell opposite to what is now the south entrance gate of Spring Abbey. The officer then wheeled about and returned to the house with Mr. Hodge. He then ordered him to show the way to the cellar, and to take with him an axe that stood in a corner. Seeing that the cellar was filled with merchandise he stepped back to the head of the stairs and commanded his men to fire the house. He then ordered Mr. Hodge to knock open several boxes of candles, kegs of nails, casks of liquor, etc., hoping to find specie. He was assured by Mr. Hodge that there was no specie or public property there; that it was all private property. The truth was the large cellar was full of goods belonging to the merchants of the village who had put them in store there for safety, in case of an attack on Buffalo. After knocking in the heads of several casks of liquor, they came to one of old Jamaica rum, and the officer emptied his canteen of whiskey and filled it from that cask. About this time his men called out from above that "the Yankees" were coming, and he stepped very quickly up the outer cellar stairs, telling Mr. Hodge to follow him. But he thought he would not be in too great a hurry, and lagged behind. Without repeating his order, or even looking back, the officer went out and mounted his horse, and with the rest of his men rode off back to the burnt village, with their pilot,

David Eddy. He was taken over the river with the rest of the prisoners, and after a few days was sent back, among the others mentioned above.

As to Mr. Eddy, he bore Mr. Hodge no ill-will. He was quite an active business man, buying and selling much of the produce of the country around Buffalo. Mr. Hodge had frequently bought of him, and he had often been at Mr. Hodge's house, and therefore knew about the contents of the cellar.

After this transaction he came frequently to Mr. Hodge's tavern as a guest, and sometimes brought his wife with him. The reason that he gave for informing the enemy of the stored property was, that he hoped to receive favors. Mr. Hodge and Mr. Eddy were always on good terms after as well as before this event. But things were not so friendly and pleasant between Mrs. Hodge and Mr. Eddy. She had worked hard for some ten years or more, and a part of this time amidst the dangers, tumult and desolations of a war; and so having with her husband accumulated their property, she naturally felt that Mr. Eddy was the cause of its destruction, and was not loth to lay the charge to him in pretty plain language; so that he had not much peace of his life, when stopping at Mr. Hodge's house. It was not, in fact, until Mrs. Hodge and Mr. Eddy had had many confabs on the subject and there seemed to him no prospect that they would cease, that the matter was quieted by a compromise, as follows: Mrs. Hodge was to discontinue all controversy and to relinquish all claims either at law or in equity against Mr. Eddy, for the loss of the house and household goods, which exceeded eight thousand dollars in value, on his paying in cash down, to Mrs. Hodge, the full sum and amount of—twenty dollars! After Mrs. Hodge received this sum as the settlement of her claim against Mr. Eddy, she invested it, upon due consideration, in the purchase, from our silversmith, Abram Larzalere, of a set of large silver spoons for her table.

The "Yankees" who were "coming," when Mr. Hodge's

cellar was under investigation by the British officer, were a company of our horsemen under the command of Col. Totman, and were stationed for the day at Atkins' tavern on "The Plains" (now the Old Homestead).

When this company of horsemen were passing my father's house, they were somewhat scattered along the road. Col. Totman was some distance ahead of his company, and he rode on past the house and up to the side of a British horseman, who, as he came up, shot him down. He fell from his horse on the west side of the road, in the ditch just opposite where Riley street enters Main. It was thought that he mistook the British horseman for one of our own. His horse ran back to our barn, the British horseman after it. Our men coming up he turned and retreated with the rest of the company. The body of Col. Totman was carried on the back of a horse, out to Harris Hill Tavern, where I remember seeing it that evening, lying on the bar-room table.

At this time, also, a half-breed British Indian had come on to the Main road just above Cold Spring, to my father's joiner-shop, where household goods and some clothing were stored. He had made up a bundle of such things as he desired, and had brought them out and laid them over the fence. He had then gone to our dwelling-house, which had just been set on fire, taken a brand, and crossed the road to fire the barn, when the horsemen came up from the direction of Cold Spring and took him prisoner. He was put in charge of a Dr. Tourtelot who, with another man, took him to or near Batavia, where he was shot and killed. It was reported that he had attempted to escape.

The same day, also, and a little before this occurrence, three British Indians entered the back door of Major Miller's tavern at Cold Spring. They found in the house a Mrs. Martin, an inmate of the Major's family. They were about to set fire to the house, when Mrs. Martin delayed them by furnishing them food, as they seemed to be somewhat hungry. She had been

informed that a company of horsemen would soon be there, and sought to keep the Indians till their arrival. They did come galloping up while the Indians were eating, who, discovering the troopers, left the house where they had entered it, but in a much greater hurry, and ran across the fields into the woods. This was Col. Totman's company, which has been already mentioned.

K.—SOLDIERS' DEPREDATIONS, 1812-1814.

[See page 13, line 30.]

The reference to depredations by our soldiers in 1814 recalls others committed still earlier, during the fall and winter of 1812–13. The Pennsylvania troops, mentioned page 10, line 11, as encamped on the hill in front of our log tavern, burnt all the fence-rails in that vicinity—and for these the Government never repaid the owners. And the other soldiers then stationed in Buffalo and its neighborhood stole, carried off and killed cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry by the quantity. Once several fat sheep had been put into a horse-stable, among the horses, just at night, to be dressed the next morning; but when morning came they were gone. They had been taken a short distance down into the orchard, and dressed, or butchered and carried off to the camp.

At last some of the soldiers were caught at this work. They were taken to their camp, and delivered up to their officers for punishment; but to this the officers were not disposed. This rather exasperated some of the inhabitants, who asked the commanding officer what they should do to the soldiers if they were caught at any more of these depredations. He said "Shoot them, shoot them down, the rascals." After this a

number of the young men of the town kept watch at night. Finally Guy J. Atkins, William Holt, Daniel Cotton, Elijah Cotton and Velorus Hodge, were thus on watch one night at the bridge over Granger's (or Conjockety's) creek, all but one being in the Chapman log house near by. After a while the one on guard outside discovered eight soldiers crossing the bridge, and hailed them. They answered, "What business have you to stop soldiers on the march?" and then a pistol was fired by one of them. The guard returned the fire. This started out those that were in the house; they sallied forth and all fired away at the soldiers, giving them an effectual "peppering" with shot. Five of the soldiers fell to the ground, three making their escape. Of the five four were wounded by the shot; the fifth fell, to save himself from being shot. These five were marched into camp the next morning and delivered over to the commanding officer, who approved of the course taken by the citizens. This put a check upon the stealing and plundering for quite a while.

L.—BATTLE OF FORT ERIE, 1814.

[See page 14, line 16.]

The next summer after the village of Buffalo was burned, our army took possession of Fort Erie and held it for some time. I remember the cannonading for forty days and nights from the British batteries; and at length, September 17, 1814, they determined to drive our men from, and get possession of, the fort. They did get possession, so far as to drive our men from the main battery, and turn the guns upon them. As the Americans were retreating from the fort, under the fire of the cannon, the magazine, which was under the battery, ex-

ploded with a tremendous noise, and great destruction of "life and limb" of the enemy. Several hundred who were on the battery were blown up. This caused a re-action; those of the enemy who survived, retreated, most of them were made prisoners, and our soldiers regained possession of the fort.

When the battle had ceased, on the blowing up of the magazine, the people on this side of the river were in great anxiety to hear the result. The loud noise made by the explosion of the magazine, they could not account for, and which party had gained the victory they could not tell. They were in a state of trying suspense until word was brought across the river, and they were exceedingly relieved when they learned that our men had gained the day. Had we been unsuccessful the enemy would have been over here the next day.

I remember well, seeing a number of wagons which stopped at my father's house the next day loaded with wounded prisoners. They were in great pain, and begged for whiskey or some other liquor to drown their suffering. They were awful objects to behold,—some with their eyesight gone, and others with their faces blackened and otherwise disfigured. They were taken to Williamsville, and afterwards those that recovered, to Greenbush, opposite Albany. The other prisoners,—those that were not maimed or wounded—were marched on foot. As they were halted in front of our place, and saw our burned brick house being repaired, they declared that they would burn it again before one year passed by; but this threat was never carried out.

M.—ROADS, TRAVEL AND TRAFFIC.

[See page 15, line 19.]

The year 1825 forms a noticeable dividing-point between the earlier and later history of Buffalo, by reason of the open-

ing then of the Erie canal. This, and the previous formation of the harbor, by opening Buffalo creek, created that great water thoroughfare which really built the City of Buffalo; with which, however, the Railroad development has come into competition, by reëstablishing the through land-route between the east and the west.

But the earlier stage of this great progress by roads through the wilderness, by wagons for travel and traffic, and later, stage-coaches as means of passenger transit, must not be forgotten. In this paper I give a description of these roads, east and west of, and through, Buffalo. To this I add something concerning the stage-coach, the early predecessor of the railroad of to-day, and a brief account of the opening of Buffalo harbor.

First, then, I present some facts in reference to the *roads* by which traffic and travel were, in the infancy of Buffalo, carried on through it between the east and the west.

From my recollection of some of the old road-marks and log houses along the way, I give the following description, commencing on "The Plains," about five miles east of the port of "Buffalo Creek," at Atkins' tavern, now the "Old Homestead." Coming westward, thence, the road bore a little to the left of the present main road, keeping on the "limestone ridge" for about one mile. Then it crossed the present road on "Flint Hill," about sixty rods east of the present parkway, still following, or nearly so, the rocky ridge, to Conjockety's creek at the old fording-place, now in Forest Lawn cemetery. By descending a steep bank, of about twenty feet, and turning immediately to the right, the creek was reached. On this bank, or bluff of high ground, there was a log building called the Lyon house. Mr Lyon lived there as early as 1806; but I do not know whether he or the Indians built the house. Near the traveled track, at the bottom of the hill, and before it crossed the creek, was a spring of good water; and near the house were several apple trees, planted by the early white set-

tlers, if not by the Indians. When I first saw them, more than sixty-seven years ago, they were quite large. And I remember, by the way, several apple trees which stood on the same (the north) side of this creek, near its mouth, where the Indian chief, CONJOCKETY (whose name it bears), had his dwelling-place. The Indians may have planted both these clusters of trees. They however disappeared long ago, through neglect, or by the ruthless hand of the white man.

Crossing the creek, and continuing a short distance on the "flat," and passing a beautiful spring of water, the road, after a westerly course of thirty or forty rods, ascended to high ground, and turned southward. Soon it crossed the old "Gulf road," now Delavan avenue. This road took its name from the deep gulf caused by the running water from the "Jubilee" spring, and the "Staley" spring. The gulf was bridged as soon as the Holland Land Company's lands were surveyed, and about the year 1804. This Gulf road was the first and nearest one from our Main street (in the vicinity of Conjockety's creek and "The Plains") to Black Rock. But it was little traveled, at an early day, and only in a dry time, or in winter when the ground was frozen. The old Guide-board road mentioned below, was the principal traveled road to Black Rock ferry from the east.

After crossing the Gulf road, the old main road followed about the course of the present Delaware street, passing close by the Jubilee spring. Just north of this spring was a second log house, on what we used to call the "Remington" lot, or farm, SHADRACH REMINGTON and family having come and occupied this farm, before the war of 1812. To the south of this Jubilee spring was a third log house, which was, I well remember, occupied by JOHN MAINS, and afterwards by GEORGE WORMWOOD. The road still following nearly the course of Delaware street, crossed lot No. 58, lying on the north side of the present Utica street; on which lot was a fourth log house, occupied by CHRISTJOHN STALEY. Down

the hill, east of this house, was a fine large spring of water, which I remember visiting as early as 1810. The spring is still in the same place, and looking very much as it did more than seventy-four years ago.

Near the present Utica street the road bore a little eastward, and after crossing this street, continued about parallel with Delaware, crossing lots 57, 56 and 55, (the "Cotton" lot); then bearing a little westward again, it crossed lots 54 and 53 to the old Guide-board road (now North street). Here, turning due west, the Guide-board road was followed to the point in York street where it has become Porter avenue. Thence bearing southwestward, along the line of the latter (and leaving the Guide-board road), the old main road went down to the river at the place formerly called Sandytown,—which will be described in the following paper. Here it struck the beach-road from Black Rock to Buffalo creek, which was for a long time the direct one between Black Rock and Buffalo,—indeed, in 1809, the Niagara street road was but lately opened, and hardly yet in common use.

In passing, I may say that the Guide-board road, from the point where the main westward road left it, went northwesterly, to "Black Rock" (which lay at the foot of the bluff, between the present site of the Niagara street car-barns and the river) and there communicated with "The Old Ferry."

From Sandytown, the main road continued along the lake (or river) beach, to the mouth of Big Buffalo creek, following up the north bank of this creek to the entrance of Little Buffalo creek (the present canal junction, at the foot of Commercial street) and thence up the west bank of this creek to the place where now is the Main street bridge over the "Hamburg" canal, which occupies the original site of the creek channel, and then ascending the Terrace bluff, reached the center of the village.

I have no personal recollection of a communication in the earliest times by wagon-way from the point above-mentioned

where the old main road entered the Guide-board road, to the village; but from descriptions, I think there must have been a foot and bridle path, nearly direct, passing that noble spring of water on the premises now owned and occupied by the Cornell White Lead Company, on the northeast corner of Delaware and Virginia streets. In a new country such paths usually go from one watering-place to another, and this course would be less than half as far as the wagon-track by way of the beach. But, in fact, in those days the road from the Cold Spring to near Conjockety's (or Granger's) creek, consisted of a log-way or causeway; and I have seen much of this road many times in the spring and fall of the year flooded with water. And after the road from Walden Hill to the Village was opened and became the main road, it was many times impassable for loaded teams. There was in those early times a slough-hole where Chippewa street crosses Main street. That was the natural course for the water to take from the wet and swampy lands adjoining, on the east side of the road, where Chippewa Market now stands. The village lot on the southwest corner of Main and Chippewa streets, where Philip Beyer's store is, was a bog-hole some six or eight feet in depth. This lot was offered to Benjamin Hodge, Sen., by Joseph Ellicott, for ten dollars, but he refused to take it, as he did not consider it worth *anything*.

It should be noted that before the Gulf road above-mentioned was opened and the gulf bridged, those who lived in the vicinity of "The Plains" used to reach Niagara river by following the north bank of Conjockety's creek. Many continued to do this for years after the Gulf road was opened, as it was better traveling.

People from the neighborhood of the Cold Spring reached the river by going through the woods on the north side of lot No. 58, starting in about where Utica street now is, and keeping on the high ground; passing near Staley's house and spring, and keeping on in a nearly direct course to the river.

As an incident illustrating the way things were done in the line of traffic over these roads from the east into Buffalo, I give the following:

At one time, soon after the close of the war, there was no flour to be obtained in Buffalo. My father heard of a wagon-load coming in from the east, on the Batavia or Williamsville road, and sent a man named Jedediah Jackson out to meet and buy it, which he did, at fifteen dollars a barrel.

At this time, and later, until 1825 or 1826, large "Pennsylvania wagons," painted blue and having white tow-cloth covers and wheel-tires six or eight inches in width, the teams drawing them consisting of five, six or seven horses, traveled the road from Albany to Buffalo, transporting merchandise. I remember the names of Robert (or Bob) Hunter, and Ephraim Gilbert and others who made a business of transporting goods for our merchants. Daniel H. Cotton, who resided on "The Plains" was for some time in this business. The price paid for transportation was six dollars per hundred pounds.

Coming into Buffalo from the east, travelers all passed my father's house of entertainment, from the time when he first began to shelter and feed them, and they were as yet "few and far between,"—journeying in their own conveyances,—till the growing and prosperous times when the four-in-hand mail-coach became the speedy and sure means of transit.

But in those and in earlier as well as in later days, Buffalo was in fact a gate-way to the Great West. I am now to say something of the road-way from Buffalo into that then so little known, so largely undiscovered region.

It may be truly said that though Buffalo was thus a gate-way, its creek, the natural feature which became the making of it, and the nature of the roads beyond, for a number of miles, really offered great obstructions as well as helps to travel, as will be presently seen.

The journey west from Buffalo began at or near the point where the Mansion House now stands. The first part of the

road was for years that which has already been described, along the west and north banks of Little and Big Buffalo creeks to the mouth of the latter. In those days this stream was of little practical importance (even when commerce had begun) except for the use of flat-boats and smaller craft at favorable times, on account of the sand-bar across its mouth. And until the year 1809, this sand-bar was the crossing-place for those westward-bound; what little there was of the creek, there, being forded. Indeed, in those days we could sometimes leap across the mouth of the stream, which had its outlet not directly into the lake, as now, but some distance further north, except when the channel was enlarged by a swollen current, forcing its way through the bar.

By thus fording the creek the "peninsula" on the other side was reached, which then (and indeed as late as 1820 or 1825, I think I may even say 1840) was covered with a heavy growth of timber. The road then followed the lake beach westward.

In 1809 this beach-road was made more easily accessible by a ferry. This was established by Samuel Pratt, about a mile above the old fording-place, considerably above Little Buffalo creek, and a short distance above Dead creek (now the Ohio basin) near the place where Ohio street joins the foot of Louisiana street, and crosses Buffalo river.

From this time the road westward from Buffalo Village followed the present Main street, southward—across Little Buffalo creek, to Big Buffalo creek. There, near the foot of Main street, it turned eastward, following the north bank of the creek, to the ferry. The road ran quite near the bank, and in 1823, one of Mr. Pratt's daughters, driving with some others, passed too near, and the wagon was upset, precipitating them all into the water. A traveler hastened to their aid, and rescued all except Miss Pratt, who was drowned.

Later, in 1827 or 1828, this road was changed to its present location (Ohio street) farther from the bank, the space between

road and bank becoming afterwards occupied by warehouses and wharves.

From the ferry, the road followed up the south bank of the creek, fifty or sixty rods, and then, turning to the right, reached the lake beach, and followed it, at a point three-quarters of a mile from the ferry. This was the only road west, till 1833, when the "turnpike" was built by O. H. Dibble, from the place where the Ohio street bridge now crosses the creek (or river) to the "Barker place," about six miles distant, on the lake shore. This turnpike was made through the alder swamp, a short distance back from the beach. On the way to Barker's, and about four and one-half miles from the ferry, travelers were compelled to ford "Smoke's creek," over which I think there was no bridge until during the war of 1812–15. No bridge, however, could long remain there, as the water of the lake, forced by the high winds over the beach, would wash the structure away. The fording of the creek was always dangerous on account of quicksand; and in times of high wind this danger was greatly increased. I have crossed on horseback when the horse barely succeeded in getting through; sinking so deep that it seemed to require all his strength to get out of the quicksand. I remember that a number of years before the turnpike was built, a young lady was drowned in attempting to ford this stream in a wagon with other persons, during a high westerly wind; and that a traveler on horse-back was found frozen to death on the beach between the Leech farm, which was near the beach on the way from the ferry, and Smoke's creek.

About a mile beyond "Barker's" was Daniel Camp's tavern, seven miles from where the road struck the beach. In then going along the beach westward to Abbott's, three miles, and thence to Jackson's, three-quarters of a mile, there were several bluff points to "round," as it was called. These consisted of a bold shore, the rocky bank being from twenty to forty feet in height, and nearly perpendicular. In a still time the water

would be from one to two feet deep, around these points; and when the wind was blowing from the east, the beach would be quite bare for the space of a rod or more between the rocky bank and the water. If the wind was blowing even but moderately from the west, however, the water would be up to the horses' breasts. There have been instances of travelers' being here submerged, with their wagon-loads of household goods, and sustaining much loss; but I never heard of any loss of life from rounding these points.

It is now many years since I last traveled over that road; and nearly or quite fifty years since I have been down to the beach near those points. When I was last there, I noticed several large boulders lying in the water near the shore; and can well remember now, that when a boy, I used to wade out and get upon them, as they were then only slightly submerged. The water had even then encroached upon the narrow beach; so much so that the travel had entirely ceased on the beach road between Camp's and Abbott's taverns. I am not aware of any record being kept of the rise and fall of the water of Lake Erie, but this much I do know,—it is somewhat higher at this end than when I was a boy, seventy-two years ago.

My father was one of the three Commissioners appointed to lay out the road on the shore of the lake. He wanted to run it, as nearly as practicable, on the direct line from Barker's to Jackson's, which would have taken it back quite a distance from the lake. The other Commissioners,—I do not remember who they were,—disagreed with him. They were for laying it out to accommodate every one whose farm it crossed, by running it near to each man's house, and all had built their dwellings near the shore of the lake. The Commissioners necessarily, therefore, made many angles or crooks in the road to carry out their plan. As it has proved, since, it would have been much more for the interest of the owners of the farms, as well as for that of the public, to have placed the road at a greater distance from the lake.

In clearing up their farms the land-owners had left a strip of woods next to the lake shore, as a screen for protection from the winds; but these woods long since disappeared.

At the Jackson place the old road left the beach, as it now does. There was no more rounding of points above here, the water being too deep. The road continued upon the high bank, and bore off from the lake, as it crossed the "Eighteen-mile" creek, and went on to and through "Cattaraugus" woods, or, as they were also called the "Four-mile" woods. These were a terror to all travelers in those early days. Immediately after the war of 1812–15 many families left the New-England States and moved west into the northern part of Ohio, which was then called the "Western Reserve," or "New Connecticut." All journeyed by land, with their own teams and covered wagons. There have been as many as twelve wagons loaded with household goods and accompanied by their owners with their entire families, at one time "putting up" over night at "Hodge's brick tavern on the hill," the whole of them bound for the Western Reserve. They had all heard of the terrible road through the Cattaraugus woods, but it could not be avoided; and therefore they would go in company, and make calculation to enter the woods in the morning that they might lessen the chances of remaining there over night. It is a literal fact that stage-passengers were not only obliged often to walk through the "woods," but also, sometimes, to carry rails or poles on their shoulders to pry up the stage-wagon or coach, whichever it might happen to be.

Speaking of the coach,—the old four-horse carry-all,—it was indeed one of the great "institutions" of that period. All paid it due deference by stepping out of the way, and giving it the whole road whenever it was met. And how cheery and inspiriting were the far-reaching blasts of the driver's tin horn, sounding merrily over hill and dale, and at last reaching the expectant ear of the keeper of the hotel or tavern. He had anxiously awaited the sound, as, by a preconcerted arrangement

with the driver, it signified to him the number of hungry passengers, who in a few minutes would be clamoring for a hot breakfast, while the horses were changed. In a few moments the steaming teams, followed by the lumbering coach, appeared on the crest of the distant hill, or at the first curve in the road. The sight of their accustomed stopping-place, where they knew that they would find rest and provender, gave the animals new courage, and, pricking up their ears, they would come up to the door in fine style, the old coach creaking and straining at every joint.

The passengers, hurriedly dismounting, would hasten into the tavern, and endeavor, while the horses were being changed, to satisfy the cravings of their appetite. The fresh spans would be standing ready, and it would be the work of but a few moments to put them into the places of those that had already done their duty; and when the cheery but peremptory cry of "all aboard" was heard, the unfortunate passengers, who had taken just about enough to aggravate their hunger, would rush out and tumble into the coach, and the fresh "team" with the "Commodore" already on the "box," would start off at a spanking gait, while sharp cracks from his nine-foot lash were heard sounding over the leaders' backs!

But, as the years passed and Buffalo grew, and the Great West loomed up more and more attractively, commerce and passenger transit by the lakes rapidly increased. Then came the strife between Buffalo and Black Rock as to which should be the "port" at this most important point in the great route westward. From 1818, steam navigation was established; and at the same time the vast project of a canal to connect the ocean and the lakes in one great water thoroughfare began to take shape.

To all this, the opening of Buffalo creek was believed necessary, and it was accomplished. On account of that sand-bar at its mouth, vessels and steamboats could not come into the otherwise commodious natural harbor, but must lie off in the

lake or bay, or at anchor under Bird Island during the transfer of cargoes and passengers by means of small boats. But it was determined that Black Rock must yield to Buffalo in the fierce commercial strife, and that bar must be removed and a harbor formed. So, "in April, 1818, at the instance of citizens of Buffalo, an act of the Legislature was passed, authorizing a survey of the creek, at the expense of the County of Niagara, which then included it, with reference to determining the feasibility of constructing a harbor; and WILLIAM PEACOCK made the survey in the following summer, gratuitously. Although the report of this survey was favorable, neither the General Government nor the State would assume the work. But the latter, in 1819, by law, agreed to loan $12,000 for its construction, on being secured by bond and mortgage for its repayment. OLIVER FORWARD, CHARLES TOWNSEND, GEORGE COIT and SAMUEL WILKESON gave the required security in the fore part of 1820, and a stone pier was forthwith commenced. It was prosecuted and finished under the superintendence of Samuel Wilkeson, in 1821, in two hundred and twenty-one working days, and extended into the lake for about eighty rods, into twelve-foot water."*

In constructing this pier to make or improve our harbor, it was necessary to have a large cast-iron hammer, or something very heavy, to drive the piles to keep the timber-cribs in their places. There was no iron-foundry in Buffalo at that time; no pile-driver had ever been used here, and there were no facilities for procuring one. Mr. Wilkeson tried to get one from a furnace in Ohio, but did not succeed. There were no railroads then in this western country, nor was the Erie canal in practical existence until some eight years subsequently. To procure a pile-driver from Albany or the interior of Pennsylvania, or anywhere else where there were iron foundries, was quite out of the question. Then was demonstrated the

* *Publications Buffalo Historical Society, vol. i., p. 379.*

truth of the proverb that "necessity is the mother of invention," by the contrivance which was produced to drive those piles. Samuel Wilkeson had undertaken to improve Buffalo harbor, and was determined to succeed. There was in the village "lying around loose," yet very heavy and quiet, a cast-iron mortar that had been used against the British in the War of 1812–14, and with this Mr. Wilkeson believed he could do the needed work. One of the trunnions of this mortar had been broken off. To fit it for its new purpose, the other must be broken off also. The services of Whipple Hawkins, a well-known blacksmith, who resided outside of the village, at the corner of (the present) Main and Utica streets, were called into requisition to do this, and rig certain wrought-iron fixtures to the mortar for the purpose in hand; and thus it was actually made to do good service in driving the piles necessary in making Buffalo harbor. And this was "continued in office," as a pile-driver in this harbor for many years. This old and, at least to a few still living, familiar, object, can be seen, minus some of the wrought-iron fixtures, still standing guard at the corner of Main and Dayton streets. Truly it is like an old soldier whose early services were powerful and effective; and afterward, in time of peace, still more useful in helping to facilitate and improve the commerce of our country. And so now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, this old mortar's former position, both in war and in civil service, having been filled by improvements which are better calculated to do the work required, it has been retired, and stationed where it can be looked upon with the admiration and respect it so well deserves.

Judge Wilkeson died July 7, 1848. It was only a few months before his death that I was standing on the sidewalk at the corner before mentioned, conversing with him, when he pointed to the old mortar and said: "Some of these days I am going to give them an inscription to place upon it;" but he did not say what it would be. I inferred from what he

did say, that it would relate to its having been the first pile-driver used in Buffalo, or in Western New York.

But the work of opening the harbor was only in part completed when this pier was built. Up to this time, the obstructing bar of sand was twenty rods wide, rising seven feet above the lake, and sixty rods long. The effect of it had been to turn the course of the creek northward, nearly parallel with the shore, for a distance equal to the length of the bar.

The thing now done was to make the creek work its own way through the bar straight out, alongside the pier, into the lake, and to deepen the channel thus formed by digging out sand and gravel. The first was done by ingeniously damming the creek at the right time and letting the current do the rest. The last was done by dragging the sand and gravel out of the bed of the creek with a great log scraper, after the fashion of those used in early times for smoothing road-ways. Thus a channel deep enough for small vessels was opened, and Buffalo harbor from a wish and a plan had become a fact.

Yet even then the crowning success was to come. For when, in 1822, a second steamboat was to be built, to succeed the wrecked *Walk-in-the-water*, a strong pressure was brought to bear from Black Rock against its being built at Buffalo, on the ground of the insufficiency of the harbor. But a promise was made by Buffalo not only to furnish timber at a quarter less expense than Black Rock would charge, but, under judgment-bond, to pay the builders one hundred and fifty dollars for every day the new craft should be kept from sailing out of Buffalo harbor, by obstructions in it, after May 1, 1823. And so the *Superior* was built on the shore of Buffalo creek (or the new Buffalo harbor), a short distance above the foot of Main street.

"The completion of the harbor, such as it was, had given force to the general considerations in favor of continuing the Erie canal to Buffalo; and the decision of the Canal Board to that effect in the winter of 1822, was published in the report of

1823, to the great joy of the care-worn and anxious inhabitants of the village."*

But, as so often happens with human enterprises, not all was "plain sailing" yet. The spring freshets of 1823 were still depended on to help Buffalo to do its part of the bargain, and escape paying the penalty of a violated bond. And it so came about that instead of helping, they hindered. An ice obstruction drove the outrushing waters back, and a deposit was spread thus in the channel, so nearly filling it that it must be removed, or failure would result. Equal to the emergency, Buffalo citizens at once subscribed an amount sufficient to do the clearing-out work necessary, and it was done. The subscription-list then made has fortunately been preserved, and is an interesting bit of Buffalo history. Though it has been occasionally published, I present here the list of names and the amount subscribed to improve Buffalo harbor in 1822, copied from Cutting's Directory of Buffalo for the years 1848 and 1849:

Ebenezer Johnson, in goods at cash price	$110 00
Sylvester Mathews, in bread	25 00
James Read	12 50
Elisha Williams, in labor and goods by H. B. Potter	50 00
William Mason, in beef	5 00
Joseph Stocking	25 00
S. G. Austin	12 50
G. and T. Weed, including a subscription a few days since	20 00
O. Newbury	20 00
Ezekiel Folsom, in meat from the market	12 50
Samuel Wilkeson	100 00
Townsend & Coit	100 00
H. B. Potter, cash $50; bricks $25	75 00
E. F. Norton	50 00
Moses Baker, in labor and blacksmith work	50 00
Thomas C. Love	25 00
John G. Camp, in cash or labor	50 00
William Ketchum, $20 cash, $30 in hats	50 00
John A. Lazell	25 00

* *Publications Buffalo Historical Society, vol. i., p. 380.*

Lucius Gold, in labor	50 00
Samuel A. Bigelow, in goods or labor	25 00
William Folsom	25 00
John Root	25 00
Jabez Goodell, in labor, provisions, etc	25 00
H. M. Campbell, in hats or labor	25 00
Hart & Cunningham, in goods	50 00
Sheldon Chapin, in goods	50 00
J. D. Hoyt, in boots and shoes	50 00
A. James, in goods	.....
P. G. Jenks	5 00
R. B. Heacock & Co., horse $15, goods $35	50 00
Thomas Quigly, in labor	12 50
Timothy Page	5 00
Thomas More	2 00
Martin Daley, in labor	6 25
A. Bryant, in goods and clothing	50 00
H. R. Seymour	50 00
Nathaniel Vosburgh, saddlery	12 50
F. B. Merrill, in labor	25 00
John E. Marshall	25 00
D. M. Day	12 50
Z. Platt	6 25
E. Walden, in goods	100 00
J. Guiteau, in labor or cash	12 50
Cyrenius Chapin	100 00
James Demarest, in saddlery	5 00
D. Hennion, 100 lbs. pork when called for	.....
W. T. Miller, in fresh meat at market in Buffalo Village	50 00
Selden Davis	5 00
William Hodge, in labor or materials	25 00
Velorus Hodge, in work or materials	5 00
Benjamin Hodge, in lumber	5 00
William Long, a certain brown cow with a white head, to be appraised by commissioners of Harbor Association	.....
Roswell Hosford, in produce or provisions	5 00
W. W. Chapin, in team work	10 00
Zachariah Griffin, 10 bbls. lime to be delivered in Buffalo	6 25
Alvan Dodge in team-work and manual labor	10 00
H. A. Salisbury, in produce and hats	12 50
Hiram Pratt, in goods	25 00

Erastus Gilbert, in goods	25 00
" " bbl. pork	10 00
" " cash	2 50
Oliver Coit, one crowbar $3, cash $5	8 00
Joseph Dart, Jr., in hats	10 00
Benjamin Caryl, in pork	25 00

This subscription amounted to $1,361.25, exclusive of the cow and pork, the whole of which was paid except $110. The provisions and goods were paid to the workmen without loss, but on much of the other property (which was sold at auction) there was an average loss of about thirty-seven and a half per cent.

Vigorously using the aid thus furnished, the citizens had their harbor ready before the time named in their bond expired; and the steamboat *Superior*, launched April 16, 1823, was forthwith piloted out of Buffalo harbor, in triumph, and taken to the dock at Black Rock and there fully fitted out; and she sailed thence on her first trip to Detroit, April 23, 1823, *seven days before* the time named in the citizens' bond had expired. And thus was fulfilled a remarkable prophecy, which stands recorded in the *Buffalo Patriot* of that date, April 23, 1823, as follows: "PROPHECY.—The following is taken from a communication published in the *Buffalo Gazette* of January 2, 1816, headed '*New Year's Vision.*' After alluding to Buffalo, the future Emporium of the West, then come the words: 'We saw the steamboat *Superior* approaching with majestic grandeur, her decks crowded with passengers, and her smoke ascending in undulating columns through the air, which heightened the scene around her.'" This was written *seven* years before the event, and *two* before a steamboat was on Lake Erie. In the last week in June, the *Superior* entered Buffalo harbor on her third or fourth return trip from Detroit, having till then made Black Rock her stopping-place. From that time, her port was Buffalo. And now Buffalo was all ready, when the canal should be finished and opened through to Buffalo harbor, to set out on that new career of prosperity which, with the variations incident to all human progress, has been so remarkable, to the present day.

N.—SANDYTOWN, THE FLATS, ETC.

In the course of the preceding paper, at pages 64 and 67, I have mentioned *Sandytown* and the *Little Buffalo creek.* I have also mentioned the "alder swamp" which used to occupy the low lands between the Terrace bluff and the lake south and west of the village; the latter section having for a long time been known as *The Flats.* As it was over and through these that wagon-roads, harbor, canal and railroads have been successively opened and established, it is fitting that something more specific should be recorded concerning them.

As to SANDYTOWN, it was, in the war-time of 1812–15, a place of considerable note, and in fact of nearly as much importance, locally, as Black Rock, or Buffalo itself. But now, as a settlement and even as a region, it is known no longer, save as it is remembered by those of a former generation. It lay, as has been said, nearly at the foot of the present Porter avenue, formerly York street, to the south of and adjoining the place where the Erie canal enters Black Rock harbor. It was naturally a sand-beach, with a plentiful supply of high, large sand-hills. And here, among and back of these hills on the land side was a collection of log and board buildings, slightly and cheaply put up, and facing towards the east,—the hills being their rear protection from the storms. The place was thus, as is evident, very properly named.

While our army held possession of Fort Erie in 1814, Sandytown was a ferrying-place for crossing the river. It was also the place where the hospital was kept for our sick and wounded soldiers during that time. Many a soldier's body was buried in the sand at this place; and for years afterward bones were from time to time washed out by the water of the lake. Many bones were also dug out by those who were hauling the sand away for building purposes.

Before the pier was built, which forms Black Rock harbor, or more properly, a part of the Erie canal, Sandytown was the best place in this vicinity for catching fish with a hook, from the river. Early morning was the best time to make sure of a "good string," say from sunrise till the sun was two hours high. I have been there with a line having two hooks baited with minnows, and had fine sport. The operation was somewhat like this: after baiting the two hooks I would wade in till the water was up to above my knees, then throw the line the full length over into the river, and begin to walk slowly to shore; and I would be almost sure to have a fish on one hook, often on each of them, before I was out of the water. I have caught fifty or more white bass and pike, in a single morning, at some seasons of the year, say in the months of June and July. The building of the Black Rock pier spoiled the fishing from the beach, at this place.

This point used to be noted as the place where the Indians caught their fish. It was a treaty stipulation, when they sold their lands at Buffalo, that the reserved right should be theirs of catching fish in the river, and of using the floodwood found on the beach for their fires. This, however, like most, if not all, of the stipulations and reservations made on their behalf, never resulted in much benefit to them.

Many of the white inhabitants, also, who settled here at an early day, depended much upon catching fish in the river, as part of the supply of food for their families. There were few living here then who would not catch fish as necessity required, as well as use the gun for killing game, to meet their wants. They had no meat markets to supply them as we now have, and if they had had those, but little money could be got to buy with. They were obliged to get along with what they could raise on a few cultivated acres, and otherwise procure by their own labor, and go without the rest. Flouring-mills were few and far between. I remember that my grandfather Abbott's family were obliged to send in 1812 to Niagara Falls

to get their grain ground, the mill there being the one easiest reached; and to this they took their grain by water, in a "dug-out,"—the going and returning requiring several days. A fishing-ground like that at Sandytown was, therefore, a very important part of the means of comfortable living, for the people in this region.

But Sandytown, with its many banks and hills of sand, and its skirting of forest trees and bushes, swamps and marshes, near by, is, as I have stated, among the things that were. The encroachments of the water, and the carting away of sand for the city's needs, have narrowed and leveled and sunk the beach, till little is left of the region as it once was. To this result, the cutting away of the natural growth of trees and bushes all along immediately back of, and upon, the ridge of sand, has come. The sand and the woods and bushes formed a protection against the inroads of the wind-driven waters; and the sand-barriers were themselves protected and increased by the woody growth. In 1816 the lake line of the beach averaged nearly a quarter of a mile from the present line of the Erie canal,—now it is not more than a third of that distance. In 1848 nearly half that early distance had been eaten away and covered by the water. In 1855 the beach line, though considerably farther in, still gave the Niagara Falls railroad an all land track, half-way between the canal and lake; while now it runs close along, and, but for stone fortifications, through, the edge of the lake. And how frequently the railroad has been washed away, and how it is assailed and sometimes made impassable by the waters, we all know. Yet this is not at all to be wondered at, in view of the destruction of all the natural barriers, which might have protected the whole region. Is there not reason to fear that in time to come, by reason of this treatment of our water-front, storms, sweeping in over the lower grounds of the city, much as they have been raised, may cause greater destruction of life and property than has ever occurred from a similar cause?

And this leads to something more concerning these low levels of the city next the lake and along the Big and Little Buffalo creeks,—THE FLATS as they were so long called. This section, beginning at Sandytown, was a broad reach of low lands, extending southeastward between the lake beach and the high ground, all the way around to LITTLE BUFFALO CREEK, and above it, eastward, quite a distance.

This creek was sluggish from source to mouth. It left the woods about where Michigan street crosses the canal. Above this point beaver and otter abounded, till the woods were cut away, about the year 1828. Below, it wound its way through the flats across Main street, almost hidden in the tall grass and rushes, till it entered Big Buffalo creek. But, for the last two miles of its course it has lost its form, and, as a stream, its existence as well as its name. Its bed is merged in the canal which (coming from Hamburg street near "The Hydraulics," where it receives the old creek as a mill-race), is called the Main and Hamburg Street canal; crossing Main street to Pearl joins the Erie canal, and with it, runs southwesterly forming the COMMERCIAL SLIP, to the harbor. Where the two canals thus join, at the head of Commercial slip, there was, in the early days, on the margin of the creek, and beside the road, a fine spring of water, with a barrel or cask set in it, for public use. Where Commercial slip enters the harbor, just east of the foot of Commercial street, which was part of the old main road into and out of Buffalo, was the mouth of Little Buffalo creek. This creek still retains its name and original course from its source near the eastern boundary of the city, to a point near Seneca street, at the junction of that street and Fillmore parkway, where it unites with the old Hydraulic canal.

"THE FLATS," west of Little Buffalo creek, were mostly a swamp and full of bogs, and subject to inundation from the lake. They contained some alders and other bushes, and many ponds of various sizes; and here ducks, and consequently

hunters, used to congregate. It is straight through the middle of them that the Erie canal was dug, which was opened for traffic in 1825. But, to that time, and even to 1830, the whole region was considered of little value. It could be bought for a few dollars per acre. It was not supposed that this land would ever be occupied and used to build upon. So exposed was it that I have seen floodwood driven up over it and left at the foot of the Terrace, within a hundred and fifty feet from where the liberty-pole now stands. East of Main street, too, it was sometimes, in high winds, before that region was filled up, covered with rolling, surging lake-water, which floated off wood, lumber, buildings, boats, — destroying and damaging much property. A number of years since, near the old gas-works, situated upon some of this land, meeting one of our townsmen, the late R. W. Haskins, I observed to him, "We did not think, forty or fifty years ago, that we should have gas burning in our streets and houses." "No," he answered; adding, "and who would have thought we should have to come down here into this swamp to pay for it." The digging of the Erie canal has drained these swamps and filled up this low land, and brought it into immensely valuable use.

O.—PUBLIC EXECUTIONS IN BUFFALO.

[See page 16, line 3.]

At this mention of the year 1831 I insert the following account of all the public executions of criminals which have taken place in Buffalo, the latest having occurred in that year.

At a club meeting of the Buffalo Historical Society held March 24, 1879, at the residence of Capt. E. P. Dorr, a paper was read by Rev. Sanford Hunt, D. D., on the Life and Character of the late Elder Glezen Fillmore. The discussion which followed concerning his experiences as a pioneer of Methodism in Buffalo, and the surrounding country, was particularly full

as to his exercise of his ministerial office in attending and officiating on three several occasions at the execution by hanging of men guilty of murder; these executions taking place during the first ten of his fifty years' labors as a minister on this frontier.

The present paper was written by me as a volunteer sketch,—which, however, was not read before the Society,—called out by this part of the paper and discussion. I had resided in Buffalo some years before there were any executions here, and I have been an eye-witness of all the *public* executions which have taken place in Buffalo, excepting one. Our newspapers in early times gave but meager accounts of local matters; and as I do not remember to have seen any account of some at least of these occurrences, I give from memory my recollections of those I witnessed.

There have been six public executions in Buffalo, of twelve different persons, five under the military law, by shooting, and seven under the civil law by hanging.

The first and second of these took place within the first two years of the War of 1812. Elder Fillmore then resided in the town of Clarence, now in this county, then in Niagara, and I presume did not attend these, as they were military. He did attend the *hanging* of two soldiers for murder, in 1815; of William Godfrey, a soldier, in 1819; and of the three Thayer brothers, in 1825.

The first of the military executions was that of four young soldiers at once, by shooting. This I witnessed. Five soldiers had been tried by court-martial for deserting; all were found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. Five graves were dug, in front of which plain board coffins were placed. The five condemned men knelt on these coffins, having their arms pinioned. When the white caps which they wore were drawn down over their faces, a platoon of soldiers with muskets silently marched up in front of them. One, however, having (unbeknown to himself) been reprieved, was to be spared; four

only were to receive the volley. After the firing only three of these four fell. One still remained in his kneeling position, when a subaltern officer, near by, quickly walked up quite near with a pistol in his hand, and shot him through the head; when he also fell, on his coffin.

An awful thing it was to stand near by and see a young man in full vigor of life thus put out of existence. I remember seeing the brains oozing out of his skull as he was lifted up and laid in his coffin; though, as I was only eight years of age, I of course did not realize the horror of the deed as I would have done if of maturer years.

The condemned men as they knelt on their coffins were facing the north. I was standing at their left, about thirty feet away and a little forward toward the front. Two of the three first shot fell backward into their graves, and soldiers standing by jumped down and lifted them up; and when the fourth was shot, the four bodies were put into the coffins and buried. The fifth man, who was to escape by reprieve, after experiencing the horrible dread of being shot, fainted at the report of the muskets and fell upon his coffin. It was some time before he became conscious, and could understand and believe that his life had been spared by a reprieve. His youth and the fact that he had been induced by older men to desert, had operated to free him from the threatened penalty.

This execution took place at about the place where Court street now runs, and west of Niagara street a short distance. I should locate it to the northward of the Wilkeson homestead and a little further west. At that time the ground in that vicinity was quite uneven, lying in knolls and hollows, and considerably covered with bushes, and many scattering trees.

The second execution was also military. This I did not witness. It took place in the spring of 1813, in General Smyth's cantonment on "Flint Hill." This was on part of the Granger farm lying between Main street and the present Forest Lawn cemetery. It was also between the Chapin farm

now owned by Elam R. Jewett and the present residence of Mr. Brayley.

The third execution was in 1815. In January of this year the war closed. During the following summer, early one morning, an orderly and two private soldiers with muskets were traveling along the road near the bank of Niagara river, one or two miles below Black Rock, or rather below Conjockety's creek. Passing a farmer's garden, they saw fit to go in and help themselves to some of its produce. The owner's name was James Burbee, and his son, a young man, seeing them in the garden, went out and ordered them away. After some altercation the subaltern drew up his musket, and shot young Burbee down.

The three were arrested and put in jail. After lying there some time they broke jail and escaped. The orderly who did the deed was never retaken. The other two, Charles Thompson and James Peters, after being hid for two or three days in Roswell Hosford's barn, on "The Plains," were discovered, brought back to jail and in due time tried, found guilty of murder and hung. This was in August, 1816. I was present at this and all the remaining executions which I shall mention. This was one of those that Elder Fillmore attended, in the exercise of his ministerial office. The gallows was erected near the place where the four soldiers were shot. The graves of these men were dug, and their bodies buried, at the foot of the gallows.

As the criminal law has been administered in this State for fifty years or more, these two young men would not have been executed.

The fourth capital punishment was the hanging of William Godfrey. He was a soldier,—stationed at Fort Niagara on duty as an orderly sergeant. One of his fellow soldiers had been guilty of a misdemeanor, and Godfrey was ordered to put him in the Black Hole, a place of punishment. The soldier resisted, and caused Godfrey much trouble, so that he was

obliged to use strong force to get him in. This resistance and his abusive language had greatly excited and enraged Godfrey. After the soldier was finally in the prison hole, and the sergeant had turned to leave him, he applied some bitter epithets to Godfrey, who then made a backhanded thrust with his musket, the bayonet of which entered the soldier's body, and caused his death. Fort Niagara being in Niagara County, which then included Buffalo, as county-seat, Godfrey was arrested and brought to Buffalo, put in jail, and tried for murder and found guilty. His case was taken to the Court of Appeals, and several months elapsed before it was examined. Our then sheriff, Col. James Cronk, who resided on his farm on Harris' Hill in the town of Clarence, was so confident that Godfrey would have a new trial, that he took the responsibility of bringing him home with him, and allowing him to remain there several months, doing chores and working about the house and garden.

When the time came near for receiving the decision of the Court of Appeals, Sheriff Cronk mounted his horse and accompanied Godfrey, who was on foot, to Buffalo. The sheriff stopped a little while at my father's tavern, while Godfrey walked on toward the village. After "taking something" at the bar, Col. Cronk told my father that he was taking Godfrey back to jail. Being asked if he was not afraid that he would run away, he answered "No," saying that he had the fullest confidence in him; that if he should not overtake him he would go straight to the jail and wait there until he came, which he actually did.

Not many days after this, the decision of the Court of Appeals came, confirming the verdict, and the penalty was inflicted December 3, 1819. This was the second of the three executions attended by Elder Fillmore. The gallows was erected a little north of the Terrace, between Pearl and Franklin streets, there being no buildings very near the spot. A grave was dug at its foot, and after the hanging the body was placed in a plain pine coffin, and buried there.

Whether it *remained* there I cannot say. Probably some of the medical profession of that day could give some information on this point which I am unable to furnish.

In this case a different result had been expected by most people. The sheriff was disappointed, and Godfrey had expected at least a new trial, if not an acquittal. I well remember how, when he was standing on the platform of the gallows, with the rope around his neck, I did not believe that he would really be hung. And when the drop fell and left him swinging by the neck, I felt that a great wrong had been done to a fellow mortal, in the name of the Law. After hanging a few moments his hand relaxed from holding his white pocket-handkerchief, when it dropped and was carried by the wind some distance away, falling to the ground.

The Law was intended to mete out justice to all, but I never believed it was just in Godfrey's case.

The fifth public execution which I witnessed was that by hanging, of the three brothers Thayer, June 17, 1825, for the murder of John Love. The story of this affair has so often been told that the people of the city and county have become familiar with the main facts of it, yet I will state particularly, as I remember them now, some incidents connected especially with the execution, which I have never seen published.

The day was fine; the people for two hundred miles around had begun to arrive the day before, and continued to come all through the night, and the morning before the hanging. The roads were full of persons coming to the village to see the "hanging-bee" as they called it. There were more people here on that day than ever before, and all our merchants had a profitable day's business of it, as did also our tavern-keepers.

The military forces were called out, and toward noon formed in a hollow square in front of the old jail on Washington street. I was at the time a member of a uniformed rifle company, Barent I. Staats, Captain. The condemned men with some other persons were received within the square,

when we were ordered to march, the band playing that solemn tune called "Roslyn Castle." We marched to the gallows, which had been erected on or very near the spot where the four soldiers were shot, and the two soldiers hung for murder, as before related,—that is, where Court street now is, a little west of Niagara street. Upon reaching the place the military were again formed in a large hollow square around the gallows. Our rifle company composed a part of the front line. "The Thayers" ascended the steps, to the platform. Some little time was occupied in seating them, reading the death-warrant, and adjusting the ropes around their necks, after which a most impressive prayer was offered by Elder Glezen Fillmore, which was distinctly heard by the many thousands present. During this the condemned brothers knelt with the minister, and the silence was almost breathless, naught but the words of prayer being heard. When these were ended all rose from their kneeling posture; the doomed men shook hands with those on the platform and then with each other. It was a most impressive scene! When each had been placed by the sheriff so as to stand under the beam and on the fatal drop (which was made to swing back), and directly under the hook to which the rope was attached, their white caps were drawn down over their faces; and then the awful silence was broken by the terrible wailing of the three brothers, which grew more loud and intense each moment, until the sharp sword of the sheriff severed the rope that held the scaffold. Nor did it cease or lessen even then, till their heels had left the platform,—which was distinctly heard sliding down, as it sprung from under their feet,—and they had dropped to the length of their ropes; when it seemed echoed a thousand-fold by a simultaneous and involuntary exclamation from the thousands of spectators, who till then had stood as if almost breathless, silently gazing on the dreadful scene.

The gallows stood facing the east, our rifle company exactly in front, forming a part of the front line.

There had that morning been some hand-bills sold about the streets by the boys, representing the gallows as erected, and the Three Thayers hanging thereon. One was figured as having one of his legs drawn up, which proved a true representation, this circumstance actually occurring.

While we were yet standing in the line, a question arose among us as to the relative position of the three corpses. I was allowed to walk up near the gallows, to ascertain the fact. The coffin of each had been placed in front of him with his name painted on it. I found that the eldest brother, Israel, was on the right. Nelson, the second, was next, and Isaac, the youngest, was on the left.

After the bodies were taken down and placed in the coffins, they were delivered to the friends of the brothers. The military were then marched up to Main street, and dismissed.

The sixth and last public execution was that of Dibdell Holt, for the murder of his wife. This I also witnessed—but there was nothing so peculiar in the event that I need to add a particular description of it. The specially noticeable feature of it, was the speedy administration of the penalty. The crime was committed in the month of October. Holt plead guilty, and was executed November 22, 1831.

P.—PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

[See page 16, line 15.]

These Illustrative Miscellanies are intended to relate chiefly to early times in Buffalo; and especially to what may be considered its pioneer days. A convenient separation may be made between the earlier and later periods, at the years 1830–1832, when the settlement was changing from a village to a city; and this paper will give some glimpses of life in Buffalo in these and the previous years.

I.—Perils and Escapes.

Born in Exeter, Otsego Co., N. Y., December 20, 1804, I was an infant, less than six months old, when, June 16, 1805, we came to Buffalo. My earliest recollection is of living in the double log house already mentioned and described, on farm lot No. 35,—which was my home till I was eight years old. How plain in my remembrance is the scene! the road so lately cut through, full of stumps, logs and brush; many of the native forest trees being still standing round about. As I return in memory to those days, many things bring to mind that trustful, child-like hymn beginning

> "When in the slippery paths of youth
> With heedless steps I ran;
> Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
> And led me up, to man."

On the bare floor of that log house I was once, a little creeping, toddling boy, discovered by my mother munching a "thousand-legged worm," with infantile satisfaction; my mouth filled, and face smeared, with its vile, poisonous substance. My mother had reason to fear that I had already swallowed enough of this to cause my death. How quickly she endeavored to remove the dangerous stuff, and cleanse my mouth,—to *save* her child! And he was saved, surviving the accident, and suffering only the damage of a very sore mouth, swollen lips, with a decided yet safe disrelish, lasting quite a while, for all animal food, especially of the worm species. But the mother! how constantly, with all her other cares, she has that of her children's health and life, and, in a new and scattered settlement, without the comfort of a physician near, ready, on call, to help!

At another time, two years later, I was playing, with a sister two years older than myself, in the road in front of "the log house." We were having a happy time, out there bare-headed, bare-footed, in the dirt, making mud pies and dirt houses; and the mother within was thus for the time relieved

of some of her cares while she was attending to other domestic duties. But, hark! suddenly she hears a noise down the road. She hastens to the door to listen (for every new noise in such a place excites at least attention and curiosity), when the cry "Mad dog! mad dog!" falls distinctly on her ear. And there, in the very direction of the nearing cry, are her two children in the middle of the road, all unconscious of any danger. How quickly she rushes out, runs to them, seizes hold of them, catching one in each hand, and hurries them into the friendly house and shuts the door upon the frightful danger. And then going to the window, she realizes from what she has been permitted to snatch her loved ones. There, just where her children were playing, is a large yellow dog, with protruding tongue, frothing at the mouth, a death-threatening *mad dog*. And there, too, among that cherished flock of geese, the creature is seen quickly venting his madness by seizing, shaking and biting one of the fowls till he is satisfied, when he drops it, and trots on towards the village; on the road to which he is pursued, overtaken and killed. Yes, how incessant and severe are the toils and anxieties of the pioneer mother! How needful to her, the support of a real trust in One who ever orders all things for the best!

And later, when other children had been added to the family, to one of these came a strange, and in her case fatal, injury. This was occasioned by the attack of a vicious fowl, which pierced her head with his strong, sharp spur. But this it was beyond the skill of any except trained physicians, yes, even beyond their skill, to treat successfully. Drs. Daniel Chapin, Cyrenius Chapin, Ebenezer Johnson and Josiah Trowbridge, were all called to meet in council. They cut from the little head a circular piece of bone, three-quarters of an inch in diameter; they finished the work of trepanning the wound; but they could not save the child. She died, and was carried for burial to the Village Cemetery which then was where now, in "Franklin Square," is the great City and County Building.

Yet, again, fifteen years had passed. The family home was no longer the log house, but it was the large brick house, on the rise of ground near by the old place. My sister and myself had grown up and become a young woman and a young man, when I had an adventure, calculated to remind me forcibly of the rescue by my mother in my infant days, and of the care of One more watchful even than a mother, that is over each from day to day, at every period of our life.

Belonging to the family was a dog, a pet of the whole household, named Prince, but affectionately called by the more endearing name of Pinny. He was knowing and active, full of fun and frolic, and ready whenever the children saw fit to give him a chance, to play with them. His usual place, in warm weather, was on the floor of a porch which covered the side door of the house. One day I was passing across the porch, when Pinny, who was lying in his usual place, jumped up and seized me with his teeth by the leg, tearing my pantaloons, and leaving a deep mark, the print of his teeth, upon my flesh,—but not so deep as to draw blood. So vexed was I that the trusted and loved pet should, unprovoked, thus attack one of the family, that I instantly turned to give the creature a kick, which he dodged, a process repeated several times,—he snarling and snapping at each charge. I then, failing to hit the dog, left him still snarling and snapping, and entered the house. I did not think much about the occurrence that day, but in the night the dog was heard barking, and proved to be worrying a cow. In the morning, however, he was found in his usual place on the porch floor, but appearing very dull, dejected, and indeed, sick.

When the cow was examined, her nose was found to be lacerated. She had defended herself with her horns, yet there was not a space which a finger would cover, that had not been bitten by the dog. And the decision was that Pinny was mad, and must be killed.

I took my rifle, and loaded it, and called Pinny to follow me,

which he readily did, I going out the back way, through the garden, crossing several lots and fields, until I came down by the side of a piece of woods. How badly I felt, then, as I realized that I was about to take the life of the creature we had so loved. But the thought came to me of Abraham required to sacrifice even his own son, and it helped me to think that it was comparatively a small duty to take a dog's life, and that too, when it was so plainly necessary. So I hissed Pinny past me, and as he ran forward put a ball through the back of his head, and he fell dead, never knowing what had killed him.

But the cow became a source of danger. She had been kept in the yard, with her calf, and after some days she became raving mad, broke out of the yard, and ran up and down the road, with her head raised high and making the most awful bellowing I ever heard. Men and neighbors turned out, with clubs and pitchforks; and with much anxiety and fear, we succeeded in getting the rabid creature into the barnyard, where she was despatched. Her body was drawn off into the woods and buried.

When, now, I look back, not only at these, but many other, perils of the way, and think of the little girl, my sister, who with me was snatched from what was almost certain to be a deadly danger, as growing up to be seventy years of age ere she died and was buried in our beautiful Forest Lawn,—and of myself, the infant, the boy, the venturesome youth, now when these words are published, having reached and passed my four-score years of life,—what reason I have to say, in the words of the last verse of the hymn I have quoted:

"By thy hand restored, defended
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home."

II.—Schools and Schoolmasters.

My school experiences were very simple and primitive. I remember well the log school-houses in which up to 1822 I pursued my education. One, already mentioned, was about where Puffer street enters Main. Another was on Main street near where St. Paul street comes into it. And another was on the east side of Main street, on lot No. 33, between the present Riley and Northampton streets. Though these were common or public schools, there was for several years no school district formed. The teachers were, in summer, females, receiving from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per week; in the winter, males, receiving from twelve to fifteen dollars per month. The teachers "boarded 'round," with the different families from which children attended the school. These schools were kept three or four months in the winter, and about the same time in the summer.

When the districts were first organized, the school numbered One was down in the village, and ours at Cold Spring, was Number Two. At this time, also, the school-house was of logs, and was situated on Main street, near the Cold Spring, where Police Station No. 6 now is. A few years later our district was called Number Three, and so continued till we were included within the city. Our district is now numbered Sixteen.

In January, 1822, the log school-house in our district was destroyed by fire and one of planks was then built; in which the next winter, 1823–4, I attended school.

In those times, now about sixty-five years ago, the "schoolmasters were abroad," seeking employment. In 1820 there came into our neighborhood a man of ordinary appearance who after a little conversation proved to be of superior intelligence, and sought employment as teacher in our district school, which had been but recently organized. The trustees immediately engaged him for the winter as teacher, his "pay" to be twelve dollars per month, and to "board

'round." He proved to be a good teacher, and when the school closed in the spring of 1821, being out of employment, he offered to teach through the summer at so low a rate that he was re-engaged; women having always before been the summer teachers. He continued to teach through the fall and was again re-engaged for the winter school which closed in the spring of 1822. He was my teacher for these two winters. Being one of the "big boys," I had to stay at home and work except in the winter-time, which was all that I could have for attending school.

In both these winter-schools I studied Geography, with two or three others. Our class learned more from him in a short time, than we had ever learned in a much longer time, before. We had then no atlases, charts or maps, but our teacher would take a large slate (black-boards were not known here, then), and mark out the region about which we were studying, and explain to us the situation of places in relation to each other. This made a lasting impression on our minds, such as could not be made by reading alone. In this way, without sticking to the lesson we were studying, he would go on telling us about different parts of the world, giving locations, distances, number of inhabitants, productions, and many things which he had seen in his various travels.

He was certainly possessed of a very superior mind, far above the ordinary class; and the account he gave of himself was quite remarkable. It was as follows: He was an illegitimate son of Alexander Hamilton, whom Aaron Burr killed in the lamentable duel which history details to us. He called himself Lot Stoddard. He grew up in an obscure place, without education, till he was fifteen years old, when, by some accident, he was injured, so that he was unable, for a time, to work, and then, it being in the summer season, he for six weeks attended a school which had a female teacher. This was all the "schooling" he ever enjoyed. He had no home, had been a wanderer over our country, had spent the most

of his life since arriving at manhood in several of our principal cities, and been meanwhile an actor in them on the stage; and had been several years on the Island of Cuba as an overseer, or, as it was then termed, a "slave driver." He had a more retentive memory than any other person I ever knew. He was a great reader, and related readily the contents of the books he had read. He conversed freely and familiarly on almost any subject that was brought up in ordinary conversation. He certainly had talents largely partaking of those possessed by him whom he claimed as his father.

I have said that Mr. Stoddard had been an actor on the stage. So, the last winter he taught in our school, he proposed to get up some plays for the older scholars and himself. He went to Hezekiah A. Salisbury's book-store, the only one then in the village, but could not find books containing the plays he wanted. So he procured a novel from which some of the plays had been written, and with the help of these wrote them out in full from memory. He then gave to the scholars the parts which he deemed most suitable for them, respectively, to act. A stage was fitted up in my father's large ball-room in the "brick tavern," and after several rehearsals notice was published in the newspapers of Buffalo and Black Rock, that a free exhibition of the plays would be given on a certain evening. The room was crowded and the plays went off to the great enjoyment and satisfaction of all assembled. I do not remember that there was at that time any theater in Buffalo.

In the coming spring it will be sixty-three years since these occurrences, yet how well I remember our school-teacher, who in one of the plays acted the two parts of "Count Flodoardo" and the bandit "Abilino." The plot was this: The Doge of Venice gives a promise to Count Flodoardo, that if he will deliver into his power the bandit robber Abilino, he will give him his daughter Rosibella in marriage. She is brought into the presence of Flodoardo and the Doge, and the promise is

renewed. Says Flodoardo: "If Abilino is once in your power, Rosibella shall be my bride." And, with dignity becoming his station, the Doge replies: "She shall, and not till then." Flodoardo then flings off a disguise that he has worn, and there stands before the Doge and the beautiful Rosibella the so-dreaded bandit, Abilino. The Doge is astonished, Rosibella quite passive, and the bandit insists that the father shall fulfill his promise. He hesitates,—then, intimidated by the bandit's array of pistols in his belt, takes his daughter's hand and places it in Abilino's, when he raises it aloft, as they walk away, exclaiming: "Triumph! Rosibella is the Bravo's bride."

While teaching our school Mr. Stoddard went one day to the Indian Village, to call upon Red Jacket. At his home, a small log house, he found him, introduced himself, and told him that he had a great desire to see him, Red Jacket, the famous Chief of the Seneca Tribe. Jacket seemed pleased to see Mr. Stoddard, and they talked together about many things. The Chief could speak English very well when he chose, but always refused to do it, when he could have an interpreter. He exhibited to his visitor all the medals he had received from our Government, one being from General Washington. He also went to his chest, unlocked it, and took out and placed upon the table four silver goblets (which had been given him for his services to our cause) and a well filled jug of whiskey. *All* the goblets were displayed with the stone jug and a pitcher of water for the *two* to drink from. Finally, Mr. Stoddard came away highly pleased with his visit to Red Jacket.

This singular teacher left our neighborhood that spring. I never heard what became of him, though he left here for the west. He had a roving disposition, did not seem to value money, was always poor, and appeared to be one cast upon the world without relatives or friends. Yet, to me, he seemed to be a man above the average of our statesmen at that time, one fitted to have been a *great man.*

The immediate successor of Mr. Stoddard in teaching our

winter school (that is, in the winter of 1823–4, and in the new plank school-house), was a person of an entirely different character and position in society. He was a student in a law-office in the village, and applied to Capt. Wm. T. Miller, Alvan Dodge and William Hodge, Sen., Trustees, to take our school. He did this, he said, because it was necessary for him to earn some money in order to continue his studies. They employed him, agreeing to pay him twenty dollars per month, he to "board 'round."

He proved to be an excellent teacher, and very gentlemanly, modest and pleasant in his deportment. In one thing I thought his teaching superior to that of any of my former teachers, and this was in "putting out words" for the first class to spell. For, after pronouncing the word, and before it was spelled, he gave the definition. His power over the scholars in controlling them, was that of persuasion; and consisted almost entirely in his pleasing affability and gentleness of manner. He had some pretty noisy and mischievous scholars to deal with, yet during the whole winter and spring of his teaching, none of us saw a frown upon his face. He appealed to our better feelings and principles, and, as it were, put us upon our parole of honor; and he never inflicted corporal punishment.

This teacher, as I said, like the other, "boarded 'round" with the families whose children went to the school. This was, by the way, the general practice then, except when the teachers' homes were in the district; and then the Trustees paid a sum agreed upon in consideration of their boarding themselves.

Now when this young law-student boarded at my father's, there was from time to time some frolicking going on between him and my sisters; frequently this took the form of snow-balling, and sometimes there was considerable "cutting of capers" among them. Once, for instance, they had come to close quarters in a snow-ball contest, and one of the girls got a hard rubbing by the teacher's hands, with snow. Her hair was

pretty thoroughly disheveled, and her face very red and quite clean. As he was much the stronger, and took in this case the position which some nations do, that "might makes right," my sister could not help herself. But she adopted a successful plan for getting even with this young limb of the law, as he discovered next morning, when, going to put on his boots he found them well covered, legs and all, with *soft soap*.

This teacher, after leaving our school, continued his studies, and in due course of time was admitted to practice in our courts of law. Not being over-confident in himself, he opened an office, at first, out in the country; but after practising there a few years ventured to come into the village, and formed a partnership with others. He continued to do a successful business; was elected to the State Legislature, and continued to rise in popularity, as a statesman, till, after many years of the highest success, he left the political arena.

The last years of his life were quite retired, and when, finally, on the day of his funeral, I was present, amid a vast assembly, to take a farewell look at one of my school-teachers, I was beholding all that was mortal of MILLARD FILLMORE, once President of the United States!

Mr. Fillmore was the last of my school-teachers. I had passed the age of eighteen, and the time had come when I must be occupied winter and summer alike, in labor. Yet, in fact, even in boyhood, when attending school both summer and winter (from the time I was eight years old, when we moved into the Brick tavern in December, 1812), I had enough work to do, along with school occupations, to keep me busy. I worked about the house, attending to the fires in cold weather, and waiting upon travelers, officers, soldiers, and indeed all customers when they called. And, in the proper season, through these and later days, I helped to plough, hoe, work at haying, milk cows, take care of, feed and shear sheep, attend to the lambs, feed and raise the calves, pull flax,—indeed take part in all the different kinds of work to be done on

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a farm. And so my pioneer school-days were all very busy ones.

But yet they were not all school-days and work-days, without play, by any means. And now I shall say something about

III.—My Recreations.

Of these I may say at once that my chief one was hunting. For I might almost say I was always a hunter.

It is true that along with our day schools, we had also from time to time in winter, our spelling-schools and our singing-schools, which, while helping to improve us, were also a means of recreation. Then there were apple-parings, in winter, also. And though we did not, in those times, have Thanksgiving days for family gatherings, pic-nics and Sunday-school excursions, and summer jaunts in different directions, yet the Fourth of July, election-days and training-days were always play-days for "us boys." And there was dancing, and there were balls. I, however, attended only one ball, and that was at the Eagle tavern, at the close of our dancing school, taught by a Mr. Jennings, for one winter, in or about 1821. The only dancing I have ever done was what I did that winter, at that school. Among the recreations, however, which were also educational, was, at two different times, in my boyhood and youth, the Debating Society. Of this I find among my papers a little relic, being part of a rhymed argument upon one of the questions discussed. The disputants were: Mr. Mann, Caleb Gillett, Selden Lucas, Zerah Averill, William T. Miller, Milo Lucas, Benjamin Hodge and Velorus Hodge. The question before the Society was: Which has been of the greatest benefit to mankind, the Printing Press or the Magnetic Needle (Mariner's Compass)? After the arguments of a number on each side had been given, Mr. Gillett arose and presented his in some expressive lines, of which I once wrote out from memory the following:

"What say you, boys, does this not beat the de–il?
For paltry types we are to lose our needle;
And, after all this mighty fuss and rumpus,
For types and presses to give up our compass!

Ye fair, we wish you 'd *fairly* think upon it,
Nor change your *Bible* for a *Leghorn bonnet;*
We wish you well,—and would be your protector,—
So, be the North Star, Virtue, your director;
Let *Modesty* supply the needle's place,
And guide your steps to social love and peace.

That, with straight eyes, our lands we can survey,
And draw ' bee lines,'—this our opponents say;
But, since we don't pretend that we are witches,
'T were tedious *drawing lines* for our *big ditches.*"

It is interesting to note the reference here, to the "Leghorn bonnet" of those days,—the "height of the fashion," and an expensive luxury for the ladies;—and the then exciting and important subject of the surveys for the Erie canal, Gov. Clinton's "big ditch" as it was often called.

But, as I have said, of my recreations the chief was always hunting. So the most of this paper is devoted to this subject. I can with truth say that there was no white person who ranged through the woods and over the ground around Buffalo and Black Rock, from 1819 to about 1835, more than myself. There were but few acres of the forest land in this immediate vicinity that I did not travel over very many times. To be in the woods with my gun was my delight, for there game was always to be found. Twelve years or so ago I wrote a paper giving an account of my early experiences in this line. As I hope to have some young readers, I will give it here, with some additions, in a manner calculated to be interesting to them. It is entitled—

The Young Hunter.—In very early childhood I began to be a hunter. The first gun I used was an elder pop-gun, with tow wads for ammunition. Children had not then the fine toy weapons for playing at hunting which now abound. Mine was not a very expensive one, but it was easily made, and answered my purpose as well as if its cost had been greater. With this gun I used to go around the house and shoot flies. This sport would not have added to the nice ap-

pearance of the plastered and papered wall of the house if in those times there had been such a thing. But when I was a boy we had no plastered walls in our houses; the plastering was done only between the logs, outside and inside,—the inside being whitewashed every year. The next piece I used was what is usually called a cross-bow, or cross-gun. I need not describe it, as it is so well known among boys. This was quite an instrument of warfare against birds and chipmucks. They suffered considerably at the hands of the boys; yet the suffering was generally more through fright than any very serious harm.

The third kind of weapon I used was a more formidable one for killing game; it was the Indian bow and arrow. If I had been an Indian, I might have been a greater hunter than I have been, and I might even have been a great warrior. I always liked the Indians and their ways and habits, that is, so far as hunting is concerned; and I used to love to be with them, shooting squirrels with bows and arrows in summer and fall, and playing with them with the snow-snake in winter. This is quite a lively game, peculiar to the Indians, and not much practiced by the white people. The Indians were active, and could endure fatigue in walking or running, and were always pleasant and honest in their playing. By the bow and arrow the birds and squirrels suffered most. I frequently killed chipmucks and sometimes birds. The Indians used to kill very many squirrels as well as birds with their bows and arrows. In shooting at birds I would always make the feathers fly. I once killed a woodchuck with a bow and arrow. It was a fair, open shot, at a distance of about four rods, and was effective and fatal. The arrow hit him on the side of his head, and he keeled over and sprawled out immediately,—dead.

At this time I sometimes borrowed my uncle's shot-gun, which was of the sort called a "Chief's piece," from its having on the stock, back of the lock, a silver plate representing an

Indian's head; but the fourth piece I regularly used was an old American musket. I say American, because there was quite a difference between American and British muskets. The bore of the latter carried an ounce ball, the former was of smaller bore, suiting us young hunters better because they required less ammunition; and that was something important to be considered on account of our limited means of procuring powder and shot.

And here I will tell how at one time I managed the matter of getting lead for use in making bullets, etc., for my firearms. This was during the War of 1812–15. In June, 1812, the news had come of the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States. I well remember the day when the news came, for I had been out that day with Samuel Ward Cotton to the home of his uncle Rowland Cotton, on The Plains, strawberrying with his cousin Lester W. Cotton. In December we moved into the Brick Tavern, and occupied it one year, 1813, when it was burned by our enemies. During this year it had become quite a chief object with me to accumulate lead for my hunting purposes. But we boys did not have much money to spend. Our playthings were few, and we had to look out and provide for ourselves the most of what we wanted for our amusements, especially in preparing for our hunting by making our own pop-guns, cross-guns and bows and arrows. When we had grown large enough to use guns that required powder and shot, we used to get the powder the best way we could, that is by earning money to buy it. But the shot we could not afford to buy; and, since we could, we did, manufacture them ourselves. This was what I did, and this was the way. As the war went on many soldiers were stationed here, and a large amount of powder and lead was brought here, and our soldiers, when off duty, fired their muskets at marks on stumps and trees. I chopped and dug the lead balls out of the places where they had lodged, and pounded them with a hammer on the head of an axe or on a flat-iron, into

long square rods or bars, about the thickness of the size of the shot to be made, then with a knife I cut this leaden rod into square bits, and laying them on the floor or some hard board rolled them with the iron shovel into a round shape. In this way I made pretty good shot, but it cost some labor to do it. Indeed boys of that day had to work for everything they had. Now in the course of the year 1813 I had managed to accumulate quite a number of these little bars, which were something of a treasure. But towards the close of the year I heard the people talking about the British coming over, and saying that we would have to go away. So, as I did not want to lose my little store of lead, I procured a small box, six or eight inches square, which had contained Venetian red lead, and had a sliding cover, into which I put my bars, and buried the whole in the garden. And, sure enough, when we did have to go away, at the time Buffalo was attacked and burned, that box and its contents remained safe; and I dug it up in the spring of 1814.

Before I say more about hunting with guns, I will tell you a little about trapping. In the fall of 1814, one of my uncles had a quail-trap set in the wheat-stubble, to catch pigeons. I was commissioned to look after it; and when I found but a single pigeon in the trap, I was to take it out, set the trap again, and bring the pigeon home, alive. Towards evening, when I was going after the cows, I came to the trap and found one pigeon in it. I had begun to feel chilly, and even to shake with the cold. I put my hand into the hole in the top of the trap, and with much trouble got hold of the pigeon and took it out. Then I undertook to re-set the trap, but soon gave it up. It was very difficult for me even to hold the pigeon, I was shaking so hard with cold. I started on after the cows, but had not gone far before the pigeon got out of my hand and flew away. I drove the cows home, and was very glad to get into the house, I was so cold. When I was in, our folks, seeing me shaking so hard all over, said I had the

ague; and it was true, though I had not known it. It was not, however, a strange thing; for in those early times of the settlement of Buffalo, there were many cases of fever-and-ague here. After the ague I had the fever; and the following day, just as the ague was again coming on, they gave me, according to the standard prescription of those days, the usual dose to "break the fits." This consisted of about half a gill of whiskey and gunpowder—suitable surely for a young hunter, I mean the gunpowder only—well stirred together. After taking this for a few days the ague-fits were "broken" and I was well again, without the necessity of my father's paying a large doctor's bill. So in this trapping exploit, I caught—a pigeon, which got away, and—the fever-and-ague which also took its flight under the treatment administered.

But, later, I did have and use successfully a quail-trap of my own, and my steel fox-trap. With the latter I sometimes caught seven or eight red and cross-gray foxes during a winter and spring, besides any number of pole-cats or skunks, which I did not desire. Then we used also to catch raccoons, with our dogs, going out in the evening into the cornfields; and I have helped to catch "'coons," not many rods from the spot on which I now reside. In some years immense numbers of pigeons flew over this region. I sometimes saw flocks so large and thick that they would hide the sun from sight like a dark, heavy cloud. Before and after 1820, many pigeons were caught about here in nets; selling, when plenty, for 12½ cents per dozen,—when scarce, for 25 cents.

But, now,—to come again to my hunting experience with the weapons I have named, and others—I spent in this much of my leisure time, and very likely much time when I ought to have been at work. However this may be, when I got that old musket I used to hunt and kill squirrels, partridges, quail, blackbirds, pigeons, hawks, owls, ducks and many other kinds of game. In a year or two after, while I was still using this, my father bought me a smooth-bore straight-cut rifle, of a man

who brought it from Pennsylvania. With this I thought myself well provided for shooting game. Not long afterwards, however, I learned about the twisted-cut or spiral-bore pieces, and that these were much better; and I bought one of Mr. Sill, who was one of the first gunsmiths in Buffalo. With this I began to kill deer, as well as the smaller creatures. They were quite plenty here, in those days. I have killed in all say a baker's dozen of them, about half the number within the present limits of Buffalo city, several near my present residence. I have seen them on our lot between Delaware and Main streets. Three crossed the road within a few rods of my father's house, in one winter. One morning I saw one standing in the field, near where our school-house No. 16 is located.

I never *assassinated* a deer with a gun or the oar of a boat, after it had been chased and driven into the water by hounds, as is frequently done. I think it is unfair to kill deer when in the water, or when there is an icy crust on a deep snow. I always shot deer running, standing, or lying down; and always in the woods, except in one instance, when I started a deer in an open chopping. He was running from me, rather quartering, and I drew up my rifle and shot, when he was sixteen or eighteen rods away. He made but one jump after the crack of the piece, and fell.

But I ought to say that, after all, this hunting was not very profitable, since our market for game was limited, and prices were very low. Venison, for instance, could be bought of the Indians for sixpence ($6\frac{1}{4}$ cents) per pound, for the hams.

One of my encounters with deer was, however, somewhat peculiar, and I will here give a description of it, as I wrote it out fifteen or eighteen years ago. I named it—

My Deer Story.—In the winter of 1831–1832 we were chopping and hauling wood from the east part of farm-lot No. 30, about where Prospect street crosses between Best and North streets. At this time this lot was mostly cov-

ered with timber. The old Cayuga road (now Best street) turned from where Jefferson street now crosses it, passing over the hill through the chestnut woods, and down to Main street near the old red tannery of Erastus Gilbert, or about opposite where Allen street comes into Main. Our "man," Patrick Roach, was chopping and splitting wood, and I, with our ox-team and sled, was hauling the wood to our brick-yard on Main street, near Utica. I had driven my oxen near to the place where Patrick was at work, and I left them standing in the road, and walked back into the woods four or five rods, to the spot where he was. S. K. Grosvenor's blood-hound had been "giving tongue" some time, east of us, and, as I could but faintly hear his voice, he must have been a long distance away. After standing there a short time, I saw a wild deer coming up the sleigh-path, at a leaping gallop. His tongue protruded, and he showed every sign of being very much fatigued. I exclaimed to Patrick, "See! there is a deer coming!" He looked up with an expression of great surprise and wonder, and said "And sure there is;—and shall I stop him?" Of course, considering his idea of stopping a wild deer on the run an absurdity, but willing to play a practical joke, as I supposed it would be, upon the Irishman, I said to him, "Yes, Patrick, run out and stop him." He dropped his axe, and ran very quickly through the bushes into the road. As soon as the deer saw him, sure enough he did stop, and stood still, about five rods from him, without moving a foot. I immediately walked out near to the place where Patrick was standing, the deer remaining perfectly quiet. I crossed the road into an open space of ground beyond the man, and then walked till I was opposite to the deer, expecting however, every moment, that he would leave us. It occurred to my mind after I had reached the latter position, that we had the creature as "the Paddy" would say, completely "surrounded." Very thick underbrush and woods were on his right; I, with my ox-whip, was on his left; Patrick was facing

him in front; and the blood-hound, although still far off, was coming nearer from a hearing distance in his rear. Was there ever, it might well be asked, a wild deer more completely "surrounded" than he? There Patrick and I had him all to ourselves, with no one to interfere or trouble us in securing the beautiful animal. All there was now left for us to do, was, it seemed, to take possession of this noble creature, either alive or dead, as should appear most practicable to us, all the circumstances considered. Patrick, on his side, stood his ground bravely, in glowing excitement, and, with true Irish enthusiasm, feeling perfectly sure that he would not let the creature pass him. We did not stop to talk the matter over, and arrange a plan of operations; but each one took the course he supposed was best in order to accomplish our wish to secure the deer. As, however, neither of us had a hunting weapon,—gun, pistol, spear, or lasso,—I, with my ox-whip in hand (which consisted of a good split hickory stock, about four feet in length, with a lash) began cautiously to approach the fellow. He meanwhile eyed me very sharply, as much as to say, "What are you going to do about it?" But as I slowly drew nearer, he began to lower his head, keeping his glistening eyes steadily fixed on mine. The closer I came to him, the lower he bowed. But not knowing, of course, what the result of this encounter might be, within the next half-minute, I concluded that if he should let me come near enough, I would knock him on the head with the butt of my whip, which I still held by the handle. So, still keeping my eyes fixed on those of the deer, I changed ends of my whip, to be ready for this sort of an assault; and in the meantime kept moving slowly and very carefully towards him. Warily measuring the distance between us with my eye, when I had approached within the proper distance from which to give him a fair and sure death-blow on his bowed head, now lowered almost to the ground, I raised my whip-stock, and with my utmost dexterity, and a determined will, and with my full might and strength, I

gave the decisive blow. The next moment, that noble and beautiful animal with his splendid and most graceful limbs, and his sleek head and body, which had stood before me, perfect in all his parts, and in full possession of his wild, free forest-life, was stretched——high in the air on a leap for life; and then was off, fleetly distancing his assailants. After all my determination, calculation and care, he had dodged my blow, and, as it seemed to me, was ten feet from the ground, on a bounding leap. This he followed up with a magnificent series, lofty, long and grand; so that he seemed rather to be flying than running from us. And he was out of sight in a very few moments. Patrick was as if spell-bound with amazement, seeming completely lost in wonder. Presently, recovering a little, he exclaimed, "And sure, we did n't get him! But was n't he a darlint iv a deer! I niver saw the loike before in all me life!"

The fugitive took a course directly south through the woods, towards the lake; with "the Hydraulics" and Pratt's ferry in range, on a line a little west of where Prospect street now runs. Soon after the deer and we had parted company so suddenly and, to us, so unexpectedly, but for him, so splendidly, the hound came along, on the deer's track. He moved with the long, loping gait, characteristic of the blood-hound, "giving tongue" every other leap he made. He paid not the slightest attention to us, being fully intent on overhauling the deer, and keeping his nose closely to his track. He was a little bothered when he passed the place where the deer had been standing, as it had there turned off on another course. But, making a circuit, he struck the trail again and on he went with the well-known energy and determination of his kind. We watched him till he was out of sight, and listened till he was out of hearing. I suppose he followed the fleeing creature to the lake, as that was the last and only effectual resource of the deer when chased by blood-hounds.

I heard nothing of the lost animal after this. The hound

was at his home the next day, however, all right, only somewhat lamed and tired from his long chase.

And so ends my story about the deer. I was thankful afterwards that I did not kill him ignobly, with the butt-end of my whipstock.

I close these Reminiscences with a short paper on—

Shooting-Matches.—When the regular twisted-cut rifles began to be used in Buffalo, the man who could hit a turkey off-hand at twenty rods, and not make the trial too expensive at sixpence a shot, was considered a great marksman. Stephen K. Grosvenor, Esq., Joseph Clary, Esq., and Frederick B. Merrill were the first and the only ones who tried it with reasonable success. There were others who would undertake it at a rest, at twenty-five rods, but most would make this quite too expensive sport and give it up. I did not at first shoot at turkeys, but practised with my rifle in shooting squirrels and other game, and besides this, shooting at a mark. I soon became quite expert with my rifle, and began to try the turkeys, off-hand, at twenty rods, with very good success. Others also so improved in marksmanship that owners would not put up turkeys for us at less than twenty-five rods distance, off-hand, and thirty rods, at rest. But I never would practice shooting on a rest, let the distance be what it might, but always shot off-hand.

As time passed on, riflemen increased in numbers, and some became excellent shots,—so much so that the distance from which we had to shoot at the turkeys was made thirty-five rods off-hand, and forty at rest.

I have shot many chickens at twenty-five rods distance, paying three cents for each shot. I have also shot at a ring two inches in diameter at the distance of ten rods, paying sixpence a shot, and being entitled to fifty cents when I hit the ring. It requires a good marksman to do this with success. But I never found my equal with the rifle in my early days.

About the year 1825 I joined the first uniformed Company we had in Buffalo, the "Rifle Company." While I was a member of this, a nice rifle was furnished by the officers, to be given to the one who made the best shot in the whole Company, officers and all. To shoot for this rifle, we marched out of the village into an open lot which was situated about where North Pearl street enters Allen. There each of the riflemen had one shot at a mark painted on a board, at the distance of about ten rods, off-hand. Most of the Company had made their shots before I was called out, when I stepped forward, and cracked away; and when the mark was examined there was a shout,—for I had got in ahead of all the rest.

At another subsequent time there were three powder-flasks furnished to be shot for. I won one of them, but gave it to the one who made the next best shot, as I had taken the rifle before. This rifle I now have. I made it a present to my brother, Philander, and he used it; and when his son Augustus had grown up he gave it to him, and he used it a number of years, when he died; and a few years later my brother died, and subsequently his widow gave it back to me,—it having till then been out of my hands forty years or more.

Q.—EARLY RELIGIOUS SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

[See page 18, line 26.]

I.—Religious Services.

Although Mr. Hodge so late in life became a member of a church, he brought up his family in the way of attendance upon Christian worship and the use of such means of instruction in religious things as the times afforded. In this paper I

give therefore, some reminiscences concerning these matters.

The first RELIGIOUS SERVICE which I remember to have attended, was one held in a hewn-log house on farm lot No. 33. I was then, I think, six or seven years of age; for it must have been in or shortly before the first year of the last war with England,—that is, in 1811 or 1812. At this service there was preaching, and the scene made a lasting impression on my mind. I have never forgotten the effect that it produced upon me, for it made me at that early age feel that I wanted to be a Christian.

At this period, as I remember well, I for the first time heard our district school teacher open the school with prayer. It was a new experience to hear the quiet voice of prayer in the place usually full of the disturbances caused by uneasy, stirring children. These prayers at the beginning of the school day also made on my mind a lasting impression, and their effect upon me, then, a seven-years-old, dark-haired, curly-headed boy, I now, a white-headed man of eighty years and more, recall distinctly. Though seventy-three years have passed I have never forgotten Mr. Eaton,—him who was our day-school teacher at that time. Most of those who attended that school then, have, I presume (like himself), long since passed away from the scenes of this life. I know of only one of them, besides myself, who is now living. I cannot withhold the thought, how well it would be if, now-a-days, every school could be opened with prayer; and the pleasant memory of the exercise be carried down into later days!

I remember well Rev. Glezen Fillmore's preaching in our log school-house in 1814. It was his custom to come around two or three times a year, on horseback; and at these times he always staid over night at my father's house. Elder Fillmore, it is well known, was the pioneer of Methodism in Western New York.

In the early part of 1815, the war closed. Between that time and 1820, meetings for conference and prayer were held

at the Cold Spring tavern, which was kept by Stephen Franklin, a very active Christian man.

Meanwhile, in 1816, the First Presbyterian Church, whose members had been scattered by the war, had been re-organized, and Rev. Miles P. Squier had, in the same year, become its pastor. The place for holding the church services was, I think, at first, a school-room on the "Kremlin Block," and afterwards the Court-house, and these were the places where we attended worship. I well remember the religious services which were held in the Court-house. The seats were mere rough boards, laid on saw-benches or something of that sort. The women and children sat together, on one side of the room, and the men on the other side. After a while some families who could afford it, provided themselves with nice painted seats of pine plank with backs to them; and then the members of each family would all sit together. In those times we had preaching morning and afternoon, and usually evenings too. Few families from our neighborhood, however, attended regularly,—some not at all. And there were not many individuals among us who professed to be Christians.

The principal leaders at the meetings which were held in our Cold Spring neighborhood, according to my recollection, were Deacons Jabez Goodell, Amos Callender and, I think, Joseph Stocking, of the First Presbyterian Church; and it was seldom that we had preaching in the neighborhood. The practice came to be, after a while, to have some person come to preach or exhort, on Sunday, at the school-house, but without stated or regular preaching for any length of time. Thus it went on for many years.

In 1830 or 1831, Deacon Abner Bryant and myself "took turns" in bringing out and taking back from and to the village, those who would come to preach in our school-house on Sunday evening. This we continued for a season or more. Among those who thus preached for us was Rev. James Remington. He, at the commencement of his ministerial life, used

to come and hold service in our school-house quite frequently. Rev. James N. Granger, son of the late Judge Erastus Granger, a member of the Baptist denomination, before he had finished his studies, held meetings there, also. His father's house was on the west side of Main street, just north of Conjockety's creek. So also another young Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Brown, preached for us a number of Sabbath evenings. He was very much liked by the people. Other young men who were yet in the midst of their studies for the ministry, came out from time to time, and held evening meetings with us.

I remember, besides those I have named, another, a Methodist preacher, Rev. Orin Abbott. I recollect his own account of his conversion. It was in the time of the War of 1812, while our army had possession of Fort Erie. He was a soldier in the army, and when at one time walking on his "beat" between the two hostile forces at the dead of night, under a clear sky, and with the stars shining brightly above him, he became engaged in thinking of God, and his almighty power, and of his own nothingness in the sight of God. Thus contemplating, he received into his mind and heart that light, and new comprehension of truth, which he believed to be a "change of heart;" and then and there he became a converted man.

II.—Sunday-Schools.

I became a scholar in the first Sunday-School which was established in the Town of Buffalo, very soon, as I am quite sure, after it was commenced; and this was at least as early as the spring of 1817. I do not find any records showing positively that this was the time at which the school was started; but it was that of the First Presbyterian Church, and the yearly anniversary meeting of that school is held in May. And, although Dr. Walter Clarke in his "Historical Discourse" and Elder Farnham in his paper on "The First Presbyterian Church," give the date of 1816 for the organization

of this school, the published Manuals of the Church give 1817 as the date, which is doubtless the true one.

This school at first contained not more than a dozen scholars, but the number soon increased. And it might appear that other schools were very soon established, for, on the sixth of August, 1817, the "BUFFALO SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY" was formed. I copy a notice of the meeting at which this Society was organized, from the *Buffalo Gazette* of August 12, 1817, as follows:

"At a meeting of a number of the inhabitants of the village on Friday last, an Association was formed denominated 'The Buffalo Sunday-school Society,' and the following gentlemen (were) elected to manage the concern the ensuing year:

ISAAC KIBBE, ... President.
HEMAN B. POTTER, . . . Vice President.
ELEAZER ASPINWALL, . . Treasurer.
JASPER CORNING, ... Secretary.

AMOS CALLENDER, JOSEPH STOCKING, SAMUEL BOSWORTH,
NATHANIEL SILL, ELIJAH HOLT, ASA RICE,
H. M. CAMPBELL, ... Committee."

Yet, it may have been that this Society was formed for the purpose of Sunday-school extension, when as yet only one school was in operation,—especially as the officers appear to have been chiefly, if not wholly, members of the First Church congregation. This view is favored by the fact that the name appears to have been within four years changed to "The Buffalo Sabbath-school *Union* Society," which is indicated in the following notice cut from an old Buffalo paper, the date being August 7, 1821:

"The fourth anniversary of the Buffalo Sabbath-school Union Society was held at the Court-house, yesterday. At 2 o'clock, P. M., scholars and teachers to the number of nearly two hundred assembled at the District School-house, and went in procession to the Court-house. The public exercises were

opened with an appropriate hymn, and prayer by the Rev. M. P. Squier. The report of the Board of Managers for the last year was read. On motion of J. B. Hyde, accompanied with some suitable remarks, seconded by Rev. M. P. Squier: *Resolved*, that the report of the Board of Managers be accepted. On motion of Mr. Squier, attended with an appropriate address, and seconded by Mr. Jabez Goodell: *Resolved*, that the thanks of this Society be tendered to the superintendent and teachers of the various schools for their persevering labors the past year.

The public exercises were closed with a prayer by Mr. Hyde, after which the Society proceeded to the election of the following Board of Officers for the ensuing year:

JOSEPH STOCKING, . . . President.
H. B. POTTER, ... Vice President.
ABNER BRYANT, ... Treasurer.
ASA RICE, ... Secretary.

REV. MILES P. SQUIER, JABEZ GOODELL, PETER WEST,
ELIJAH D. EFNER, SAMUEL BOSWORTH, HIRAM PRATT,
BENJAMIN HODGE, JR., ... Managers."

The "various schools" which are referred to in this report, might seem to have been different denominational schools; but the officers of the Union Society appear still to have been almost or quite all from the First Church. At any rate it is true that when Sunday-schools were first established in Buffalo, they were approved of by all Orthodox Christians, and nearly all who were not professors of religion. Some few parents there were, however, who did not approve of them, and therefore would not let their children attend.

As I have said, I was a member of the First Church Sunday-school almost from its commencement. Its place of meeting was at first a one-and-a-half story wooden building near the center of the "Kremlin Block," Main street, between Eagle and Niagara. I think that a day-school was also kept in this

building, probably the district school; and that the church services were at that time held there also. The Sunday-school was called by us boys "Mr. Corning's Sunday-school." This was for the reason that he, Mr. Jasper Corning, was the Superintendent; and it was especially appropriate, because he was in fact the former of it. Miss Abigail Kibbe (whom Mr. Corning subsequently married) and Miss Mary Martin, were teachers with him, from the commencement. Miss Kibbe and Mr. Corning had joined the First Church, she by letter, he on profession of faith, the same day,—April 4, 1816. Miss Martin was a *sister* of a Mrs. Larned whose name is erroneously given in the Historical notices of the First Church published in its Manuals, as one of the organizers and first teachers of its Sunday-school. It is distinctly remembered by a lady now living, Miss Mary Cotton, that Miss Martin, and not Mrs. Larned, was the teacher with Miss Kibbe; and that her sister, Marcia A. Cotton, and Sarah Remington, sister of Reverends David and James Remington, were in Miss Martin's class.

Mr. Corning was then a young man in business here as clerk, or as part owner, in (if I am not mistaken) Mr. Cunningham's dry-goods store; a dry-goods store of *those days*, I may observe, however, which contained many other articles than dry-goods.

When the Church meetings began to be held in the Court-house, the Sunday-school also met there, between the morning and afternoon services.

I do not remember, positively, that any scholars from our neighborhood went with me to that Sunday-school at the beginning; but I think that one or two other boys did do so: and I remember only Charles C. Haddock and Munson Landon, who lived in the village, as attending at that time. From information, I can give only the names of Marcia A. Cotton and Sarah Remington, already mentioned. I know that Orsamus H. Marshall was in the school, but not till a few years after the commencement. I am not sure whether at this time

the school was held before the morning service or immediately after it. But when the church services began to be attended at the Court-house, the school was also held there, and then met between the forenoon and afternoon services.

The custom was for the school to be opened by the Superintendent with the reading of a portion of Scripture, and a prayer. I do not remember that there was any singing at first, though there may have been, and it is certain that there was singing after a while. Deacon Abner Bryant used to bring his children, as soon as they were old enough, to the Sunday-school. His sons, Isaac, Henry and Abner, and his daughters, Maria and Lucy, all became scholars, and afterwards teachers. And Henry, when grown up, led the school in singing, for a time;—and so we used to have, if not the very best, some pretty loud singing. The older scholars were required to learn and recite about six verses from the New Testament. My first lesson was from the second chapter of Matthew, beginning with, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem." The younger scholars were required to learn one verse, or more, if they could, from some little hymn, or one verse of Scripture. After the recitation the Superintendent explained the lesson, and talked to the scholars. There were no libraries of Sunday-school books, nor Sunday-school papers, for the children of those days to read; nor were there any such things here until many years after the school was organized. There were no Sunday-school picnics, either, to attract children to the school, or give them a pleasant variety now and then. There was in fact nothing provided to give to the scholars by way of inducements to be present, except now and then, though very seldom, a few tracts (at first, I am positive,—not even these), and occasionally, by way of reward, a Bible. These, like other books, were scarce and not easily procured. But, in 1816 The American Bible Society was formed, in the city of New York, and in September of that year The Buffalo Female Bible Society (Auxiliary) was established here. The

main object of this was to furnish a complete copy of the Bible at a low, cash price, so that every family, even every individual, might possess one. By paying fifty cents into the Society's treasury, a person could become a member, and receive a Bible. I remember how an Englishman, James Bromley, who was working for my father at this time, felt quite delighted to belong to a Bible Society, though he was not a religious man. So he paid his fifty cents, and received his new Bible. Being uneducated, however, he could hardly read a word. He had left England in the capacity of servant to an English officer, in the War of 1812, but had deserted and come across Niagara river to Buffalo. With this Bible he made considerable progress in learning to read.

Now, as a reward for learning and reciting a certain number of Scripture verses a new Bible was sometimes promised and given. In that way I remember to have received one. This arrangement made it comparatively easy to procure Bibles for presents, and carry out this plan for inducing the children to commit the Word of God to memory. An incident connected with this matter of learning and reciting verses, was given me by the late Henry H. Hawkins, Esq., of Silver Creek (son of Whipple Hawkins whom I have already had occasion to mention) who was a scholar in the First Church Sunday-school when it was meeting in the Court-house. Mr. Hawkins remembered that the sessions were held in a room on the south side of the hall in the Old Court-house building;—he thought the Grand Jury room. He remembered, also, Rev. Mr. Squier, the minister, Deacon Goodell, Deacon Stocking and Deacon Callender, as some of the teachers. And he remembered that on first entering the school a lesson was given him in the New Testament, to learn. But he did not understand that he was to learn only a small given number of verses,—so he learned and recited the whole chapter. After he had finished the recitation Mr. Squier patted him on the head, and said, "My little son, you have done nobly and well, in getting the whole

chapter by heart, but you need not learn so much in future; you may learn six verses only."

No doubt the Sunday-school Society, too, with its anniversary exercises and processions, had a good effect in making the idea of the Sunday-school a pleasant one, in a time when means of enjoyment of a public character were few. It is to be feared that the children of to-day do not appreciate their advantages and privileges as they would if, for even a very little while, they should be situated as the children were in the days of which I am writing. It is to be regretted that no records were kept in the early days of this school of any of its proceedings; and that so many of the facts concerning it can only be gathered up, in fragments, from the memory of the few who knew anything of those days gone by.

A Sunday-school was commenced in our neighborhood (Cold Spring), after the organization of the Buffalo Sunday-school Society, though probably not till the spring or summer of 1818. This school was started in our little log school-house, which I have already mentioned, and which stood on the grounds occupied by Police Station number six; or, to be more particular, on the west side of Main street, at the northeast corner of farm lot No. 58. The male teachers were David Remington and Benjamin Hodge, Jr.; and, some of the time, Adams Holt, from "The Plains." The female teachers were Miss Sarah Remington, Miss Sarah Hodge, Mrs. Daniel Lewis, and, I think, her daughter, Miss Calista Lewis, and Miss Mary Cotton. Others become teachers from year to year, whose names I cannot at this late day bring to mind. I can state it as a fact that the ranks of the teachers were mainly filled by the scholars of the school as they grew up, and became able to assume the responsibility. From the beginning and till 1829, Benjamin Hodge, Jr., was the Superintendent, and of him it is only just to say here, that during the thirty-two years that this school existed, he was absent but a very few times, I believe never unless on account of sickness.

There were even times when he was the only teacher present. In 1829, Deacon Abner Bryant, having moved from the village into our neighborhood, took charge of the school as Superintendent. The scholars whom I can mention as among the first in attendance at this school were William A. Remington, William Hodge, Jr., Sophia Hodge, Mary A. B. Hodge, Samuel Ward Cotton, Henry H. Hawkins and his sister, John Munger, Maria Granger, Beulah Granger, Edward Granger, Charles Wilber, Lucy Wilber and George Wilber. I presume that there were some from other families, such as Jacob Morrison's and Stephen Franklin's. After Mr. Bryant became Superintendent, in 1829, Benjamin Hodge, Jr., continued as principal teacher. David Remington and Adams Holt had removed from the place some years before. Of myself I can say that I was a constant attendant, from the beginning, first as a scholar, then as a teacher, until the school was united with that of the present Westminster Church, in 1850. And I think I have attended Sunday-school as scholar and teacher in Buffalo longer than any other person now living here. It is sixty-eight years since I entered the first one, and I have been in the Sunday-school most of the time since.

The Cold Spring school was held immediately after we had returned home from the afternoon service in the village. It was kept up every year through the warm weather, in the schoolhouse, commencing in the spring, as early as we ceased to need fires; continuing until the weather became too cold in the fall; and even through a few of the winters it was also continued, Benjamin Hodge, Jr., having it meet in a room in his own house. But the attendance was small in the winter season, as the weather was too cold, and the walking was bad, there being no sidewalks.

In 1850, this school, the second started in Western New York, was merged in the one which was the beginning of Westminster Presbyterian Church. The united schools met in the little brick Chapel which stood where the edifice of Westminster Church now stands.

R.—SCHOOL-HOUSES AND TEACHERS.

Cold Spring District, (No. 2.)

I here add to the account given at pages 94–100, of my schools and teachers, a full list, from my own remembrance and from information which I have collected, of the teachers of School No. 2 (3 and 16)—or the "Cold Spring District," to the year 1846. The first name to record is that of a Mr. Sturgeon, who taught in the log school-house mentioned at page 94, which stood on farm-lot No. 33, about opposite where Bryant street enters Main. This was previous to 1809. His successor was Dr. Abram Tourtelot, who took the school in 1809. He was a pioneer resident here, well educated for his profession; but, as was often necessary in those days, to procure means of support, added to his practice the honorable vocation of a school-teacher. I do not know whence he came; but doubtless, like all the teachers of that day who were not natives here, he originated "down east." I do not remember him as my teacher, but I know from the statements of my uncle, Benjamin Hodge, Jr., that I attended his school when I was but five years of age. My uncle has told me that the boys then had to pick up armfuls of small wood and sticks, to make and keep the school fire.

My aunt, Miss Sabrina Abbott, was the next teacher, in 1810, in a log house standing four or five rods from the road, opposite the Cold Spring, where Ferry street now is. The ground there was low and flat, and often the way from the road to the house was very wet, and logs having the upper side hewn flat, were laid over this space to walk on. Miss Abbott came from Richfield, N. Y., in 1807 or –8, living with her sister, my mother. She was married in 1811, to Ebenezer Howes, and was left a widow the next year,—continuing then in my father's family for twenty years or more, till her son had grown

to manhood. They then went to Monroe, Mich., where he opened a store, and soon after married. He continued eight or ten years in mercantile business. But his wife, and a few years later he himself, died; and his mother closed up his business and came back to Buffalo, making her home again in my father's family till after the death of my father and mother in 1848 and 1868, respectively. She died in 1876, aged eighty-seven years; being the last survivor of the ten children, five sons and five daughters, of my grandfather, Daniel Abbott.

The next school-house to be mentioned, is a log one on lot 39, about where Puffer street enters the east side of Main, which stood ten or fifteen rods from the road, and to which I have already twice referred. I remember going and coming as a scholar there, and having, in a wet time, to climb along a rail fence on my way to and from school,—walking on the big logs which lay at the bottom.

In 1811 the teacher there was Miss Hull. I am quite sure she was a resident of the town, if not the neighborhood. My uncles, Benjamin Hodge, Jr., and Velorus Hodge, were among the scholars there. Next I remember attending a school kept in a double log house on lot 30, already mentioned, about where St. Paul street is located. A family named Seaver lived in the north room, the school occupying the south end of the building. I think that this was in 1811 or -12, but I do not remember the teacher's name.

I do not know when our school district was organized; but the first school I remember as being kept on the "old school-house lot," now occupied by Police Station No. 6, at the northeast corner of farm lot No. 58, was then under the care of Mr. Eaton (to whom I have referred at page 112), in the year 1812. I think that the school district was organized at about this time.

In the summer of 1813 Miss Polly Lay was the teacher here, about whom I remember little except the name.

William Cogswell taught this school in the winter of 1812-

13. I remember him very distinctly as a middle-aged man, and a good teacher, who governed his scholars well, and was greatly liked by them. I know nothing of his history. The next summer, 1813, our teacher was Miss Jewett, concerning whom I can give no information.

I am quite sure that in the winter of 1813–14, in the war-time, and after Buffalo was burned, no school was maintained here. Of perhaps twelve families which returned that winter, only two, I think, were from our neighborhood, — those of Major Frederick Miller and William Hodge, Sen.

Before continuing my list of teachers I will here give an account of the *purchase* of a school lot, and some general facts as to the school-house, and the school life of those days.

After the organization of our school district, the trustees, in 1814 or –15, purchased a school-house lot. The District, as first organized, included lot No. 50, commonly called the "Walden Hill" farm lot. Beginning in the easterly line of the "Mile Strip," at the southwest corner of that lot, the south line then ran east to Main street, then north to the center of the present High street, which it followed till it struck the farm lot next to, and east of, Jefferson street; thence south, so as to include this lot; thence east to the line running north and south between the lots of ranges 8 and 7, now the line of Moselle street; thence north on that line till it struck the "Chapin road;" thence west on the dividing line between the Chapin and Granger farms, as far as the "Mile Strip," and thence south on the easterly line of the "Mile Strip" to the southwest corner of the Walden farm, the place of beginning.

At that time there was but one family in the District, on the Cayuga road, now Best street,—that of Robert Reynolds, living on the south side of the junction of what are now Best and Genesee streets. The latter was then laid out only west of Main street; East Genesee street being opened, I think, between 1825 and 1830. There were but two families on what

was then the "Adams" road (now discontinued),—those of Joseph Adams and William Long. On the "Chapin" road, south side, was Roswell Hosford (his place having afterwards been the Longnecker farm and being now Prof. West's); and there were no more families in the district except those on the Main road from "Flint Hill" to "Walden Hill."

For a school lot, the Trustees took a bond or contract of Daniel Lewis, dated November 18, 1816, to deed, from lot 58, a piece sixty feet square, "beginning eighteen rods from a certain road laid to Black Rock" (now Utica street); the deed to be executed on or before May 14, 1821; and the price being one hundred and twenty dollars. December 13, 1818, Gilman Folsom assumed this obligation; and in 1823 Selden Davis took it, with this change;—he was to deed a piece of land on the northeast corner of the same lot, 58, sixty feet deep, the front measure not being given; but the understanding was, I remember, that the piece was to be *larger* than the one first agreed upon, in consideration of its being taken from the lower corner instead of from the center of the farm lot. On this corner, then, it was, that the small log house stood, in which our district school had for several years been already kept, and which was large enough for our needs in those times. And here, after it was burned, as I shall presently relate, the new "plank" school-house to be soon described, was built. In summer there were then from fifteen to twenty scholars; in winter, more,—the "grown-up" boys and girls then having time to attend. This school-house was about 18 by 24 feet in size, with three windows of 7x9 glass. The floor was of wide boards, broad enough, at least, to admit of a good deal of shrinking; and not being matched, the cracks between them became quite large, and many of the boards were loose. Free circulation was thus given for wind which blew in underneath. As for the side walls, to put the house in condition for winter, mortar was used to make the "chinking" between the logs all tight, where it had been dug out by the mis-

chievous scholars. Overhead were the round, naked beams which supported the roof-boards, there being no chamber-room. In the fire-place, which was without "jambs," we could burn wood of any length up to eight feet. The writing-desk was a board set lengthwise along the wall, slanting downwards towards the center of the room, the upper edge being fastened to the logs. The seats running in front of and parallel with this, were pine slabs with legs set in, and without backs;—a second (or front) row of lower seats being added to accommodate the smaller children.

The front door, the only door in the building, had a great, old-fashioned lock, set in a block of wood, and fastened to the door on the inside, with large screws. It was furnished with a big iron key which, each day at the closing of the school, in winter-time, was given to one of the large boys, who "took their turns" in making the fires in the morning. The teacher's "stand" was a little one, having a small drawer with a lock and key, for "valuables." These private premises sometimes, however, suffered depredations at the scholars' hands, when the key was lost.

An important part of school-keeping, in those days, was the administration of *punishment*. The rod and ferule were freely used; some teachers preferring one, and some the other. I often saw the green "birch" rod applied pretty severely to the backs and shoulders of boys, when quite a sensation would be made among the scholars. My own punishments, I am glad to say, were limited to a tap or two of the ferule, on a single occasion, which hurt nothing except my "feelings." Sometimes, when the whip was not at hand, or was too dry, a large boy was sent out to cut and bring in some birch rods. The teacher, selecting a couple, ran them into the hot ashes, under the "forestick," in order to make them more pliable and tough; then, requiring the boy to take off his coat, gave him several "cuts" with the green rod over his shoulders and back, which frequently brought him to the floor, and forced

him to beg for mercy. The marks of these blows would be visible for some days. Few, however, seemed to require this, I think, most unreasonable and unwise treatment.

Other modes of punishment were practiced (not always fully effectual) as for instance, in the case of a certain couple of offending lads, six or seven years of age. To punish the one most guilty, a loose floor-board was raised, and he was put down through the opening. On the board the other lad was required to stand, and there to remain until the under one was thought to be sufficiently punished. The upper boy was then sent to his seat, the board raised, and the little rogue underneath called to, to "come out,"—but no boy appeared, or answered. The culprit had been too "sharp" for that teacher, having, soon after he was imprisoned, crawled out and scampered home. This boy, I may add, was he who afterwards became Hon. Henry H. Hawkins of Silver Creek, N. Y., the other was my own younger brother, Philander,—both now deceased.

I here resume my notices of the teachers of our District school. After the War, in the winters of 1815–16 and 1816–17, Henry Lovejoy was our teacher. He had kept the school, also (if any one had, which is doubtful), in the summer of 1815. Henry Lovejoy's mother, it was (the widow of Joshua Lovejoy), who, in the burning of Buffalo, had been killed by the Indians, in her own house, her body being burned with it. The son gathered her charred bones together, and brought them, wrapped in a newspaper, to my father's house.

By application to study he had acquired as good a "common school education" as the times would allow, and turned his attention to the art of surveying, in which he became proficient. He continued its practice, as his business, in Buffalo, to the end of his long life. No man knew better than he, the original boundaries of our city lots, and of the farms adjoining. Indeed, in later years, in cases where the old land-marks were not to be found, he would sometimes trust

too much to his own knowledge, to satisfy some, for, standing at a corner, and "sighting" in different directions with his eye, he would strike his hickory compass-staff into the ground, saying, "That is near enough for all practical purposes."

In the winter of 1816–17, the teacher was Mr. Fuller. I remember him well, as a good teacher whom the scholars liked; but I can give no further account of him. The next winter, 1817–18, William Godfrey, a man in middle life, kept our school. Like his predecessor, he was a good teacher. He probably came to us from "down east."

About the middle of May, 1818, David Remington took the school, and taught it one quarter. His "pay" was by agreement with the trustees, thirty dollars for the term, and besides, one dollar and fifty cents per week, for thirteen weeks, as allowance in consideration of his "boarding himself." I can give the names of the heads of families whose children during this quarter attended our school. They are as follows: David Hennion, Charles H. Averill, Shadrach Remington (father of the teacher), Daniel Lewis, William Hodge, Sacket Dodge, Mrs. Balch, Alvan Dodge, Stephen Patch, Stephen Allen, John McCollister, David Reese, Lyman Persons, Joseph Adams, Zerah Averill, Daniel Wilber, Seth Granger. The school-bill bears date July 15, 1818, and is in the handwriting of Mr. Remington, who was a beautiful penman.

Mr. Remington's mother was a sister of Erastus Granger, Seth Granger and Mrs. Oliver Forward. He married Miss Esther Low, and with her for several years did missionary work among the Indians.

Benjamin Hodge, Jr., who came from Otsego county with his father in 1806, became our teacher in 1819. He had several years before "graduated" at the first district school here organized, thus "finishing his education." He was elected clerk of the district at its organization, and held the office about twenty-five years,—being re-elected annually, until the district came under the laws of the City Corporation.

He continued to reside here, and held several offices, civil and military. His death occurred June 8, 1868, when he was seventy-one years of age.

In 1820 Calvin Ely taught our winter school. He was a young man, well qualified for the work. His father, a retired Congregational minister, moved from Connecticut and settled in this town in 1818, residing on Niagara street, near Prospect Hill. His family consisted of his wife, five sons and four daughters, all of whom had received a good education, superior, indeed, to that of most of the families in our vicinity. All these sons and daughters became teachers in our district or public schools; some of them continuing such for several years. The youngest daughter taught the school which was maintained in connection with the county poor-house, then situated at the junction of North and York streets; contracting, in this occupation, the disease of which she died.

The family subsequently removed to that part of the town of Amherst, which has since taken the name of Cheektowaga. The only survivors are Sterling, residing in the city, and Selden, at Cheektowaga. Calvin died about eight years ago. Most of the sons have held town or county offices, Selden having been at one time superintendent of the city schools.

Of our next teacher through the year 1821 and the winter and spring of 1822, Lot Stoddard, I have written at length in an article given above, at pages 94–97; but I here add, that while Mr. Stoddard was teacher in the latter part of the winter of 1821–22, an event occurred long to be remembered by those then attending the school,—namely, the destruction of our log school-house by fire. In ordinarily cold winter weather, it was impossible to keep the school-room comfortable. Most of the time, in school-hours, there would be a number of the scholars standing around the great log fire, to warm themselves; the teacher letting them "take turns," six or eight at a time. After a succession of cold days, and of not very good fires, the large boys took turns at making the

fire in the morning (the older girls taking their turns at noon in sweeping the school-room floor). We had no cover for our wood;—a wood-shed or any shelter for wood was never thought of, for a school-house, and such a thing was hardly known to exist in the town. So, sometimes, when the fire refused to burn well, one of the larger boys was sent out with an axe, to make a raid on a dry fence-rail, cut it up, and split it fine enough to start up the lazy, smoking fire. But one cold afternoon, before school was dismissed, Asahel Bill, one of the oldest scholars, was directed to make the fire next morning, and was cautioned by the teacher to make a "good one." In reply he said he would, adding, that he would make "*a snorter.*" And he did, and a "roarer," too. He came early in the morning, before breakfast, and made the fire, and when we came "to school," our old, cold, dusty and dirty school-house was in flames, and past saving. But Mr. Stoddard was sufficient for any emergency. So, the south end of the double log-house, on the Granger lot, No. 59, now Spring Abbey, was secured, and after one or two days spent by the teacher and some of the larger boys in fitting it up, the school went on as usual through the winter and spring.

But another school-house was to be built, and William T. Miller, Alvan Dodge and William Hodge, Sen., trustees, taking the matter in hand, made preparations for building; and our ox-team was brought into requisition to haul logs to Granger's saw-mill to be made into lumber for the purpose, the writer driving the team.

Meanwhile, in the summer of 1822, our school was taught by Miss Mary Stanley Cotton, who came into this neighborhood with her father's family, from Massachusetts, in 1811. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, three sons and three daughters; but of them all Miss Mary only, whom I have mentioned, is now living. Mrs. Cotton was left a widow in 1812. She did not marry again, and none of the children were ever married. Miss Cotton was a well educated young lady,

and a good teacher; and this was not the only time in which she was employed in our summer school.

We hurried forward the building of the new school-house, which was what is termed a plank-house, clap-boarded. In this we had, when finished, a box stove instead of a fire-place. So much was done by way of improvement for the comfort of smaller scholars, that board backs were made for their seats, while the older scholars had at least the comfort of resting their backs sometimes against the edge of their writing board.

The school-house was finished, and the winter of 1822-23 had come. Of our teacher that winter, Millard Fillmore, I have already written at length, pages 97-99, and need add nothing further here, only repeating what I have before said, that this term completed my own school-days.

In the spring of 1823, Mr. Fillmore having finished his term as school-teacher, a supply was needed. Schoolmasters were not "abroad" in such plenty, then, that it was always easy to get one when required. In such cases a teacher was procured from our own neighborhood, and in this instance Benjamin Hodge, Jr., was again called to serve.

In the winter of 1823-24 Mr. L. Fiske became the teacher of our district school. He was an Englishman, a man who moved about the world "to see what he could see." He was lame, and had a crippled hand. I believe he taught well, but have no special recollection of him.

In the summer of the year 1824, Miss Sarah Remington, a sister of David Remington, was the teacher. She was a very modest, ladylike girl, and was called to this station more than once.

It appears that a Mr. Griffin taught here in the winter of 1824–25. I have no further information concerning him.

The summer-school this year was taught by Miss Marcia Abba Cotton, a young sister of Mary S. Cotton, living in the district. She was a perfect lady and good teacher. She continued teaching in different districts quite a length of time,

and subsequently taught a private school many years, until her death, which was occasioned by fatigue, and a severe cold, which settled on her lungs.

In 1825-26 Charles Taintor taught our school, "boarding 'round." He was a well-educated young man, and taught well. He subsequently married Miss Catharine Musier, and was one of the first settlers on Delaware street, above North. Their children were six in number, of whom four were within a few years, and I think still are, living; one in China in the employ of the government of that country, the other three brothers in New York City. All were most enterprising young men.

In the summer of 1826, Miss Mary S. Cotton again taught our district school. The male teachers in 1827 and 1828 were Ai Barney and A. N. Fillmore. I am not sure but that both were law students, and formerly from Clarence in this county. The lady teachers in these two years were Mrs. Clarissa Aylesworth, a daughter of Benjamin Hodge, Sen., and Miss Sarah Remington, already mentioned,

For the winter of 1828-29 Philander Hodge, a son of William Hodge, Sen., had been engaged as our teacher. He had been in school at Hartwick, N. Y., for several terms, and after finishing his studies there, returned home and accepted an engagement from our school trustees. After teaching the school several weeks, however, he gave it up, to take a position, which he had for some time desired to obtain, in a broker's or exchange office, in the village, and the school was for several days without a teacher. At the urgent request of William T. Miller, William Hodge, Jr., an elder brother of Philander, took the position, to hold it for a few days, till a regular teacher could be obtained. He did so, and the result was that he continued in that work during the winter and spring. His ability for teaching was not of course great, his early education having been in "log colleges" and his graduation from the little plank school-house so lately built; and it should be added,

his associations having been close all his life thus far, with the native inhabitants of the country, the Seneca Indians. However, his application to study had thus been very "*close*"—being *confined* to little log houses, and three or four months in the year. This teacher boarded at home, in his father's family, and if his scholars improved in studies, that winter, as much as the teacher did, which, I think, was the case, they could have had no reason to complain.

In the summer of 1829, Mrs. Sabrina Howes (who, as Miss Sabrina Abbott, had taught the school in 1810) again became the teacher. I need only refer here to my notice of her life given above.

In the winter of 1830, Charles B. Field was the teacher. I am not sure but that he was also one of the schoolmasters "*abroad.*" Though a worthy man and good teacher, I can only give him this brief notice.

In the summer of this year, 1830, Miss Harris conducted the school. She was a young lady from the City of New York, highly educated, very lady-like in appearance, above the average of young ladies. She made her home with a family of her acquaintance in the village, but "boarded 'round," while teaching our school.

In 1830, James N. Granger, a son of Judge Erastus Granger, taught the winter school. He was "to the manor born," was liberally educated, and well qualified to teach. He studied for the ministry, became a Baptist minister; married Miss Anna Davis, in Connecticut, and was settled as pastor of a congregation in Providence, R. I. His death occurred in 1856.

The summer school of 1831 was taught by a cousin of James N. Granger, Miss Harriet Maria Granger, who was also "to the manor born," as born and brought up in our school district.

The winter school of 1831–32 was commenced by William Hissey, an Englishman, who taught but a part of the season; and it was continued till spring by Jonathan Wayne Dodge,

a young man "to the manor born," who had a few years before graduated at this same district school.

The summer school of 1832 was taught by Miss Vietz, who was succeeded in the winter of 1832–33 by George W. Cotton, whose sister, Mary Stanley Cotton, in the summer of 1833 took the school for a third time; George W. Cotton again teaching in the winter, 1833–34, and, I believe, Miss Burchard in the summer,—George W. Cotton still again taking the winter school in 1834–35, and Miss Bailey the summer school in 1835.

In 1836, the year of the great financial crash, when nearly all were in debt and unable to pay debts, and it was well said that "everybody owed everybody more than anybody was worth," I find no record as to the teachers in our school.

In 1836–37, William D. Hatch taught our winter school. I think he was from the town of Aurora, in this county. Miss Norton and Miss Mary Cronyn were the teachers in the summer of 1837.

The next winter, 1837–38, Charles B. Cook, of whom I remember nothing, was our teacher, and Miss Potter had the summer school, Charles B. Cook taking the school again the following winter, 1838–39.

In the spring of 1839 William T. Miller and William Hodge, Sen., trustees, engaged Miss Cordelia A. Hodge, a daughter of Lorin Hodge and sister of Mrs. Wm. Hodge, Jr., to teach the summer school at two dollars per week, boarding at home. She had received as good a common-school education as Western New York at that time afforded, and in her childhood had traveled, with her father's family, over our western lakes, and resided several years in a western territory, among the Indians, becoming able to speak their language quite fluently. She and her sisters had also adopted the native costume—short dresses, leggings or pantalettes, and deer-skin moccasins, elaborately worked with beads and porcupine quills. For some sufficient reason, however, perhaps from native delicacy, they did not wear so many silver brooches as was cus-

tomary among the Indians. In dancing, which was much practiced among the Indians, these young ladies became quite proficient.

Miss Hodge was to commence teaching after a delay of one week from the engagement. Before the end of the week, a lady friend of hers, Miss Mary Atkins, had come from her home, in Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio, where Miss Hodge had formerly resided, desiring to take a school. To accommodate her, her friend willingly gave up our school to her care, starting a select school of her own, which she continued through the warm season of the year, with profit and success.

Miss Atkins was one of the best educated ladies who ever taught our district school. Since teaching here she taught in various places, with success,—in Olean, N. Y., in Oberlin, O., and in California, where she conducted a school on her own account, for eight years. Thence she went to Japan and China, but in one or two years returned to this country, and soon after sailed for Europe. After her return, she again taught in Oberlin. While there she married a lawyer—Mr. Lynch—and left immediately for New Orleans, where she has since, for most of the time, resided. Mr. Lynch was one of the Centennial Commissioners of 1876, and after spending the season in duties at the great Exhibition, they returned to their home in New Orleans.

In 1839–40 Isaac F. Bryant worthily and successfully filled the position of teacher of our winter school, his father having moved into our neighborhood about the year 1829. The summer following, Miss Hosford again taught the summer school, and the winter school of 1840–41 was under the care of David Galusha. Of him I have no remembrance, nor any record of the teachers for the following summer, the winter of '41 and '42, or the summer of '42. In the autumn of that year Samuel Slade became our teacher, continuing such during all of 1843,–44 and –45, and leaving us in the spring

of 1846. Mr. Slade writes to me of himself, and the school, thus:

"I commenced my labors as teacher in this district in the autumn of 1842. The school was opened in the old wooden structure (built, as I was informed, in very early days) and was continued for one week, then removed to a building belonging to the Barrs or the Barr estate, and standing south of the hotel. In the meantime the old house was removed on to the adjoining lot, preparatory to the erection of a new building on its site. At the beginning of the third week we were back in the old school-house, and labor in the construction of the new one had commenced. The winter was an unusually severe one, but the new building was finished and ready for occupancy early in March. Dedicatory services were held on Sunday evening, and a very eloquent and appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Hopkins of the First Presbyterian Church. The shade trees, some of which are still in the yard and flourishing, and one of which is nearly or quite two and one-half feet in diameter, were planted in the spring of 1843."

My chief purpose being to write of matters relating only to our early history, I will not here continue the account of our "Cold Spring School District" any further.

I close this paper with a few general observations.

School-teachers, in the olden time, especially in our newly settled country, were looked upon as somewhat above the ordinary classes of the people. All labor in our country is honorable—but that of the teacher being of the head rather than the hands, commanded in early times a higher respect and price as well. The common laborer received ten or twelve dollars and board for twenty-six days' work, which number was and now is required to make a month. The school-teacher received from twelve to twenty dollars and board, and was required to teach only six hours each working day. He was also permitted to close his school in the middle of the afternoon, on each Saturday, to give the scholars a little time

to play, and get their chores done up for the Sabbath, while the common laborer was required to work from sunrise to sundown, every working day.

The permission given by the trustees to close the school in the middle of every Saturday afternoon grew into the practice of dismissing at noon, and finally of not keeping at all on Saturdays.

As a general thing, male teachers were expected to collect their money from those whose children attended the school, making out their bills *pro rata*, according to the number of days of schooling afforded.

This collecting was a pretty slow, and sometimes a very perplexing job, and is presumed to have brought into existence one of the verses of an old song, which in our younger days we used to hear sung, and in which there is much truth. Two or three of the verses I can recall, thus:

HARD TIMES.

"The carpenter tells you he'll build you a house,
At two dollars a day, or by job;—not a mouse
Shall it harbor, he'll make it so tight and so snug:—
Neither he nor his 'prentice will half earn their grog,
These hard times.

"The hostler will give your horse plenty of hay.
And when your back's turned he will take it away;
For oats will give chaff, and for wheat will give bran,
While the landlord declares there's no honester man,
These hard times.

"The schoolmaster rages for want of more pay,
He declares he will have it, or else go away;
Half of his time he goes strutting about;
Four weeks make a month, and the Saturdays out
These hard times."

S.—MEMORANDA.

In this paper are collected several brief detached sketches for the most part relating to persons, places and affairs mentioned in the foregoing articles.

I.—Biographical Notices.

These consist of notes written out by way of comment on papers read and discussed in Club Meetings of the Buffalo Historical Society.

1. Red Jacket and Pratt's Ferry.—[See pages 97 and 67.] I remember Red Jacket well. In stature he was not tall, but rather stoutly built, and straight as an arrow. He was dignified in his appearance and walk, and quite reserved in his manner. But his reserve was sometimes broken, as in the following instance. Tradition says that he adopted Samuel Pratt (whose ferry across Buffalo creek has been mentioned above) as his son, and gave him a piece of land for a farm. He made it a point to call on his "son" whenever he came that way, making free to dine with him as occasion required.

The ferrying at Pratt's was accomplished by means of a flat scow boat over which passed a rope, running on rollers, the ends of which were fastened to strong posts on the opposite sides of the creek. By pulling at this rope the boat was moved, carrying over foot-passengers and teams. But sometimes, in cold weather, the ice would be strong enough to bear, and crossing was done upon it. Red Jacket one day wanted to cross, but the scow was on the other side of the creek. As the ice appeared to him strong enough to hold his weight, he started to walk over. To explain what followed, it must be here said that the chief was tenacious of the reservation lands of his people, and never would consent to their being sold to the whites. For many years efforts were made to effect a purchase, but no influence, not even money, could tempt the old chief to let their possessions go.

Now, on the occasion I have mentioned, Red Jacket was mistaken as to the security of the ice, and on the way over it broke and he fell in. While struggling hard to keep his head above water, he cried out lustily for help, shouting over and over "Son! son! *come and help me out or they will get all the land!*" His ruling idea was strong in his peril. Mr. Pratt, being near by, did a son's duty by helping him out and saving his life.

2. YOUNG KING.—I well remember what commotion there was in Buffalo, one evening during the War of 1812 (such as indeed frequently occurred), when word was passed from one to another throughout village and town, that our soldiers were going to cross the river to invade Canada, and that Young King one of the Seneca Chiefs, with thirty or forty volunteers from his tribe, were to accompany them. The history of those times as published in the journals gives reasons why the army and the volunteer Indians did *not* carry out the plan proposed. I think, however, that the main reason was that the army consisted mostly of volunteers, who claimed that their duty was to defend the frontier, and not to invade Canada.

Among anecdotes concerning Young King, there is one which I have never seen published, excepting soon after the occurrence to which it relates. Many years after the War of 1812, there was a petition of Young King before Congress for a pension, for services rendered during the war. It was gotten up by one of our sharp lawyers in Buffalo, and was presented with a speech of much eloquence by one of our representatives. It stated that Young King had been of much service to the country during the war; had fought in several battles, and had *lost an arm.* The pension was granted without a reference or the asking of any questions. The name of David Reese, the blacksmith for the Seneca Indians, was not mentioned in the speech before Congress, although the arm of Young King was really lost in an encounter with him, as is well known.

3. M. Louis Lecouteulx.—[See p. 28.] M. Lecouteulx was Town Clerk when we came to "New Amsterdam" (or Buffalo) in 1805. I have spoken of his old-style dress, queue, breeches, long stockings and knee- and shoe-buckles. I know of only two besides him who in those days still wore queues,—my grandfather, Benjamin Hodge, and Roswell Hosford. The latter also wore the knee- and shoe-buckles; I remember seeing my grandfather's buckles in his house, but never saw them upon him.

M. Lecouteulx was very nice in his manners, and courteous to all. One day, for instance, he came into Joseph Clary's office, my father being there transacting some business with "The 'Squire." The trio chatted awhile, when M. Lecouteulx, rising, bade the 'Squire good day, and left the office. In a few moments he returned, and begged my father's pardon for not having spoken to him, also, when taking his leave.

He was also very particular and exact in transacting business, as for instance, buying of my father a barrel of flour, he paid cash for it, but required also a receipt for the payment.

I had occasion from time to time to collect of him a tax for contingent expenses, levied on the real estate of our School District. He owned the large farm on the Main road, north of the Grider road, which was formerly owned by Asa Chapman, and called the Chapman Farm. I called on M. Lecouteulx once on this collecting errand, and on payment, he said, "You must give me a receipt." "Certainly, I will," I replied, and sat down to write it; when he quickly said, "Stop; stop; you will not spell my name right," and taking the pen, wrote his name, and I then finished writing the receipt.

He was a beautiful penman, as the first records of the town bore witness, the letters being all made distinct and plain.

M. Lecouteulx on one occasion calling at my father's house to buy brick, said he desired to build a house for his wife, who, as she was younger than himself, might live many years longer, and the house must be built to last. He would have none but

hard burnt brick, which we furnished, he paying fifty cents per thousand extra for the quality. This house was built on Exchange (Crow) street, north side, opposite the "Mansion House," standing back in his lot, which was the large one at the northeast corner of Main and Exchange streets, extending quite a distance on Main street towards Seneca. When the hill was cut down several feet in front of the Mansion House, on grading the streets, M. Lecouteulx had a wall of block stone built to protect his corner, and preserve the level of his land.

Stephen Goss, a young man of my acquaintance, once when standing on the sidewalk, fired his gun. M. Lecouteulx coming along soon after, patted him on the shoulder, saying, "Young man, you must pay for that; you should not shoot your gun on the sidewalk." Stephen thought no more of the matter, but in a day or two he was called to go before the magistrate, and answer to a complaint in the case, and had to pay a fine of one dollar and costs for his offence against the village law.

M. Lecouteulx, like others, had his troubles. One of these was in reference to the location of the Erie Canal, for, to connect this with Little Buffalo Creek, near the foot of the Terrace hill, it necessarily passed through land belonging to him, to his great pecuniary loss and damage, as it ruined his chicken-yard. This greatly grieved him, and I believe he was sincerely honest in the opinion that the canal ought not to have thus invaded his premises.

As an offset to this I give an incident which occasioned him great satisfaction, and over which he was very gleeful. He had erected on his house a weathercock, but soon after came one of our "Buffalo zephyrs," which worked a general destruction of signs, chimneys, fences, etc. He expected to find in the morning that his weathercock had perished. But, finding it safe in its place, he went over in a joyful mood, highly elated, to tell Joseph Landon, of the Mansion House, of his

good fortune; but meeting Mrs. Landon at the door, he gave his high-wrought feelings utterance by telling her of his exceeding great deliverance.

4. Rev. Glezen Fillmore.—[See pp. 82, &c., 112.] Jan. 28, 1875, I attended at Clarence, in this county, with many others, the funeral of Rev. Glezen Fillmore. I had known him from my boyhood to the time of his death at eighty-five years of age.

Elder Fillmore was the first Methodist minister whom I remember as preaching in this neighborhood; and I am quite sure that he was the first who used to come occasionally and preach in our little log school-house near Cold Spring. I cannot give the date of his first visit. He was licensed to preach in 1818, and Buffalo was in the circuit assigned to him, but I remember that he staid at my father's over night when we were living in the rebuilt shop, in the summer of 1814; and I am quite sure he had preached in the log school-house in the evening.

In traveling his circuit he always rode on horseback, and when he came into our neighborhood he made my father's house his stopping-place. He was much beloved and respected by all who became acquainted with him. Possessing a large, noble frame, and a powerful but pleasant voice, none could hear him preach without admiring him as a preacher, and none could know him without loving and respecting him as a truly faithful servant of the Lord,—ever ready to speak a word for his Master, whenever and wherever an opportunity offered. I remember that at one time soon after I first knew him, I had been over, with two of my sisters, on Sunday, to see an aunt. We were walking home, when Mr. Fillmore overtook us, and passed by, without checking the gait of his horse. But, in his distinct yet pleasant way of speaking, he said to us, "Have you spent to-day to the glory of God?" I was quite sure he did not know whose children we were, and seeing us in the road on Sunday, thought it likely that we might be spending the day for our own pleasure. That remark con-

tained a full sermon. I have always remembered it, and respected Mr. Fillmore for making it. I have sometimes thought that we may all be preachers, in a certain application of the term, in our actions and doings, and in our conversation with others, especially those who are directly influenced by us; and that ministers' sermons are not always preached from pulpits.

5. Judge Samuel Wilkeson.—[See p. 72.] In a paper by Dr. Lord, read (1867), before the Buffalo Historical Society, he said truly that Judge Wilkeson was a man of remarkable character, prompt in decision, of comprehensive mind, and energy to accomplish whatever he wished or thought best; and that he had the fullest confidence in himself as being able to succeed in everything he undertook. Thus, when invested with legal authority, he acted on his own judgment, without much deference to the judgment or opinions of others. He would assume the responsibility of his acts, let the consequences be what they might.

At an early period in his judgeship, the following illustration of this characteristic occurred, when he was holding a court in the summer time, a very busy season of the year for farmers. Immediately after the opening of the court the clerk was directed to call the names of the jurors, most of whom had been summoned from their farms for this duty, and had nearly all answered to their names at the first call. The Judge then took up the calendar and called the names of the parties to the first suit. The attorneys answered that they were not ready yet. The next case was called; the lawyers were not ready. The third was called, the attorneys wanted it put down for a certain other day. The fourth, fifth, sixth cases were called, and so on to the last on the calendar,—none of the lawyers were ready to try their cases. The Judge then at once turned to the jurors and told them they were discharged and could go home and attend to their work. He said that if the lawyers got their cases ready at the next term they could have them tried then; but that he would not keep

the jurymen at that season of the year from their farms, waiting for them to get their cases ready. "Clerk," said the Judge, 'pay these jurors!—Crier, adjourn this Court!"

At this summary proceeding the whole bar rose as one man to remonstrate against it, but it was of no avail. The decree had passed, and it was not to be revoked.

II.—A War-Song of 1812.

The following Song is one that used to be sung in the bar-rooms, which I wrote down many years after it first came out, from recollection.

1.

"When S. Van Rensselaer crossed the stream,
Just at the break of day,
Distressing dreams and restless thoughts
Disturbed him where he lay.

2.

But then the terrors of the night
Did quickly flee away;
The light his opening eyes beheld
And hailed the new-born day.

3.

But soon did murderous cannons' roar
Thunder and lighten round;
On every tawny foe strike dread,
And sweep them to the ground.

4.

The cannons' voice, the muskets' flash
Put blood in all our veins;
Columbia's sons have trod the shore
Where the proud Briton reigns.

5.

The tomahawk and scalping-knife
On men did try their skill;
Some, wounded, struggling for their lives,
Did red barbarians kill.

6.

While rode the proud insulter, Brock,
In pomp and splendor great,
Our valiant heroes he despised,
And dared the power of fate.

7.

Said, "Here's a mark for Yankee boys,
So shoot me if you can;"
His eyes a Yankee ball soon closed;
Death found him but a man.

8.

Our heroes brave stood well their ground
Till their last bullet flew;
Then all were prisoners, forced to yield.
What could our General do?"

I never liked the sixth verse of this song. General Brock was much respected and esteemed by our people, and was always spoken of as an honorable man. I remember well hearing his death talked about with deep regret.

III.—A Boy's Trick of 1814.

In a little family company several years ago, one of my sisters reminded me of the following incident of our childhood:

In the summer of 1814, when our Brick Tavern was being re-built after "the burning," the carpenters heaped up the shavings that accumulated from day to day, outside of the front hall door-way, which was three or four feet from the ground, and we children had fine times, jumping from the door-way upon and into them. One evening, when it was nearly dark, I noticed that our cow had lain down on the shaving-pile for a night's lodging. So I covered her over with shavings, making the highest part of the pile immediately over her back, ran in, called my sister and took her round by the back way, into the hall, to have a good time jumping on the shaving-heap. She was delighted with the height of the pile, and wanted the first jump, which I gallantly (?) gave her.

I told her to take a good run through the hall, so that she would be sure to land on the highest portion of the heap. She was active, and performed her part to my entire satisfaction, becoming nearly or quite buried in the shavings. But what was her surprise and consternation, when, a moment after, she found herself carried off by some awful horned creature which had risen underneath the place where she had so merrily lodged! And there stood a nine-year-old urchin of a brother in the hall door-way, grinning and laughing to his heart's content, at the complete success of the program he had formed for executing his prank! This incident may serve to show somewhat of the merrier side of child-life in pioneer days, as contrasted with the more serious occurrences described at pages 90–93.

IV.—Sundry Old-Time Notes.

"*Splint brooms*" were the only sort used by the first settlers on the Holland Purchase; the only exception being that some made their sweeping apparatus by tying fine branches or twigs from the tops of young trees together in bunches. The "splints" were made of blue beach, birch and hickory woods. Broom-corn was not in use here until about 1820. To make a nice splint broom required an expert in the art, one well used to the process; and in my early life I made many brooms of both the primitive kinds, though only for our own family use.

The "*trammel-pole*, with *trammel-bar* and *hooks*," which I have described in my account of "Our Log Tavern," were the necessary accompaniments of the log houses and stick chimneys over fire-places without jambs, which were then universal here. The "*crane*" hung to swing within a fire-place, came into use about 1812. The first I ever saw was when our family moved into the "Brick Tavern on the Hill," in December of that year.

The *tin-oven* came into use a few years after the War of 1812–15. The roasting of spare-ribs was accomplished by hanging them on a string before a rousing fire, with a dripping-pan beneath, and a spoon at hand with which to "baste" them.

Yokes used to be put on the necks of our hogs and geese to prevent them from getting into our fields and destroying the grain; but for many years I have not seen any of these yokes. In breed and manners the hog has been much improved; but the goose, I think, has not.

When I was a boy we raised our calves, and I used to yoke two calves together, with an ox-yoke of suitable size which one of my uncles made me, and hitch them as a team to my hand-sled, in the winter. I used to make my own *ox-bows* by bending a young growing hickory of the right size, into the shape I wanted, and tying it with moose-wood bark. After one summer's growth it would be fit to cut and use in finishing a yoke.

A *mysterious relic*. Two summers ago I found while digging potatoes on my premises, an old rusty piece of iron. I carried it into the house, but none of the family, or of the neighbors could tell me what it had been made or used for. It was the remnant of an *ox-shoe*, now in these regions a thing of the far-away past. Ignorant indeed are multitudes of the people of to-day about the things in use in former times in the daily life of "The Pioneers."

EDITOR'S SUPPLEMENT.

The following Index, as well as the Author's portrait, introduced at page 20, are included upon afterthought, since the title-page, preface and table of contents were printed.

An index cannot be too minute or exhaustive. This one, like those to the Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society, "has been prepared less as a help towards finding prominent topics, than as a guide to, and reminder of, even the most slightly mentioned ones." And it "is intended not only to answer questions, but to start them; to provoke inquiry, and stimulate investigation." Thus, "even the obscurest name," or the most casual reference, "may become useful as well as interesting." This index is also intended to be in some measure a comment, explaining and adding to the information given in the text.

I take this opportunity to make two corrections: At page 135, line 29, "again" should be omitted after "Miss Hosford." At page 142, line 1, for "Mrs. Landon," should be read "Mrs. Marvin";—Mrs. Landon's death having occurred some years before the incident related. The author notes that "the lady referred to was the wife of Sylvanus Marvin, and daughter of Russell Goodrich. Mr. Marvin was then running the stage from Mr. Goodrich's to Buffalo, and, I think, from Buffalo east."

And I here add a fact omitted in the text, that the "gentleman" and "his brother" referred to at page 46, lines 21 and 22, are John Wilkeson, and the late William Wilkeson, of this city.

A. B.

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